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THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"We are all here to-night, 'Tis the night of Thanksgiving—
Here's father and mother and dear little Ned;
Not one has been lost from the land of the living;
Here's Charley, and Kate with her sweet curly head.
Through the years that have passed He has cared for and blessed us,
His hand has upheld us, His love has been ours,
And but little of sorrow has touched or distressed us,
For all of life's thorns have been circled with flowers.

"Heap high on the table the fruits of the season,
The choice Winter apples, the nuts and the pears,
And make our Thanksgiving the motive and reason
To banish our troubles and drive away cares.
For the year nearly past has been crowned with fruition,
And the seed we have scattered with lavishing hand
Has sprung up and ripened, and in its transition
Been gathered as food for a prosperous land.

"Our barns and our corn-cribs are bursting with plenty—
We've all we can use, and perhaps somewhat more.
The year is a good one—not one year in twenty
So adds to the stock and increases the store!
Without, in the barnyard, the cattle are lowing;
They're hungry for supper, and ought to be fed.
So, Charley, just give them the rank meadow-mowing,
And then tie them up for the night in the shed.

"Well! well! This is comfort! Now, isn't it, mother?
Just see how those children enjoy blind-man's-buff!
There! Kitty and Ned tumble over each other.
And the way that they scamper is funny enough.
The candles are bright and the fire flickers cheery,
The children are full of their laughter and glee,
And all of them happy and careless and merry
From Ned, almost man, to that child at your knee.

"We've had a great deal of this world and its treasures,
Now, haven't we, mother? I'm thinking to-night
That we should be thankful for all of our pleasures,
And try to bear all of our troubles aright.
And you know, after all, we've had little of trouble
Compared with our neighbors—of sorrow and loss;
And the joys of this life have appeared to us double
When brought into contrast with trial and cross.

"I think we are happy—at least we should be so—
And bear thankful hearts on this Thanksgiving day;
We have all that we need—or at least 't seems to me so—
If we may not be cheerful, just tell us who may?
We've nothing to wish for, now, say, have we, mother?"
No answer, whilst wildly without howls the blast,
One hand on her eyes, as to shield them and cover;
Her heart is away with the days which are past.

She sees by her side, as in days long departed,
The first-born, sweet Mary, the child that was hers,
And the laugh of the innocent being, light-hearted,
The love of the mother awakens and stirs.
She sees her still later—no innocent maiden,
A flower sorely crushed in its beauty and bloom,
Her life with its burden of grief overladen,
And nothing for her but the rest of the tomb.

She feels her blood chill as the child's father turns her,
A heart-broken wanderer, out from his door,
And shrinks from his tones as he curses and spurns her
Away from his home to the desolate moor.
Long years have passed on, but no word has been spoken.
Poor Mary! Poor mother! remembrance will bring
To the child of her heart, and can never be broken
Till the fount of affection releases its springs.

It is Thanksgiving now, and around her have gathered
Her children, with laughter, with music and play,
And that one absent mother her dreams have severed.
She mourns for the lost one—the lamb gone astray.
Gray-haired is the sire, and the hot hatred burning
For her who disgraced him has smouldered and died;
But his lips give no token, he seeks no returning,
Nor asks why she lingers away from his side.

But somehow, to-night, as the storm whistles dreary,
The past has returned, and it will not depart.
He knows how her heart in her bosom is weary,
He thinks of her Mary—the child of her heart.
Are men, then, so good that with souls unforgiving
They live—in their blindness forgetting their sin?
O loved one! come back on this night of Thanksgiving!
And after these years he will welcome you in.

A tap on the window; the latch raises slowly,
A woman's form stands in the half-open door;
Then across the floor an one contrite one steals lowly,
She sinks humbly down at his feet on the floor.
There is joy in the heavens when one sinner, repenting,
Comes home to the fold of the shepherd to rest.
There was joy on that night in the father, relenting,
Stooped slowly, and gathered his child to his breast.

HANDSOME ANDRE;
OR,
THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XX.
THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

At a quarter before nine o'clock they started out together towards the Monastery of the Monks of Chartreux, first giving old Jacques directions how to follow, and where to meet them with the three horses.

Nothing could exceed the great astonishment of Brother Tranqui when he saw them.

"Quick, quick!" said Andre, without giving time to think. "My uncle is very ill, and wishes you to come to him at once."

"What! Poor Albertine sick? But I can't go."

"Would you let him die alone?" asked Andre.

"Alone? Mercy on us, no," cried the old monk, rushing out and disappearing in the darkness in the direction of Laberiue's shop.

Andre and Robert were masters of the lodge.

"Now," said the young officer, "do not lose a minute. A half hour to go, a half hour to explain and to empty a bottle with my uncle, and a half hour to return. Brother Tranqui will not be back until half-past ten. Now, let's look about us. Here is the cabinet in the wall, and the carved head projecting from it."

As Andre said this he pressed strongly on the head of the figure carved in alto-relievo on the stout oaken panel. The panel glided smoothly to the right, and discovered a door very neatly set in the wall, to which it was fitted. It was taken from the monk's bunch into the lock, and it opened, displaying to their gaze the first few of a flight of stone steps leading down into a Stygian darkness.

"Now, then," said he to Robert, "it is for you to act. Light your taper and go. Do not forget that you have the marble slab on the pedestal under the statue in order to open the marble doors at its base leading into the chapel."

"I will forget nothing. Have no fears for me," said the Baron resolutely; and, lighting the taper he had brought with him, he descended the staircase and disappeared in the darkness. For several minutes Andre, who was listening, could hear his footsteps echoing in the subterranean passage; then they died away, and not a sound broke the oppressive stillness of the night. To prevent all danger of discovery, he closed, but did not drive the oaken panel back to its place, and watched patiently.

The first half hour ran rapidly by.

"True," thought Andre, "the note to Irene made ten o'clock the hour of rendezvous, but I shall be very much astonished if she do not go to the chapel long before that time."

During another quarter of an hour he waited patiently in strained expectancy, and with his eyes fixed on the oaken panel. He arose and placed his ear to the door, but not a sound rewarded him.

He waited still another quarter of an hour. At the expiration of this time Andre began to feel uneasy. The monastery clock had just struck ten.

Brother Tranqui might return at any moment. He could not maintain his patience any longer. He laid the panel aside, opened the door and listened. Profound silence reigned in the dark passage.

He cautiously descended a few steps, but in the darkness he could distinguish nothing, and not a sound came to his ears. He returned and paced the narrow lodge, a prey to the most intense anxiety.

The clock struck the half hour. It was now half-past ten o'clock. Surely Brother Tranqui would not be away much longer.

As Andre had feared, he heard the outer gate swing on its hinges shortly after. He had barely time to shove the panel back in its place, when the old monk entered.

"Ah! You are there yet, are you, you scoundrel!" cried he.

"Yes; I waited to apologize," answered Andre.

"To apologize?" said the breathless monk. "It is time you did that indeed."

"There is always time to repent of a bad trick, such as giving you a race to see my Uncle Laberine. But you ought to thank me, Brother Tranqui; for you were expecting to find a dead man, and you found instead a living one and a bottle of wine. Now, that's no killing matter, is it?"

"Certainly not; but how stupid! Where was the necessity?"

"I'll tell you. The fact is, it was a wager ——"

"A wager?"

"Yes; a wager that I made with the Baron Robert, and I won."

"Yes, true—he was with you. What has become of him?"

"He left in a rage because he lost."

"Gone? How is that? His horse is still at the gate."

"His horse?" said Andre in astonishment.

"Yes," said the monk; "I saw three horses there, and a servant holding them."

"Ah! then Robert, in his anger, must have forgotten his horse," said Andre, pleased at the information the monk had given him.

"Fool!" said Brother Tranqui. "One may forget his threshold, but a man cannot forget his horse. But what's the matter with you? You seem to be anxious and worried. What ails you?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"Nothing, eh? Well, your manner is not natural. I can assure you of that. This combination of circumstances is decidedly strange. Those three horses waiting there, the Baron gone I don't know where, and you here still. Come, what devilitry is afoot? I don't know what it is, but I feel that there is something going on."

By this time Andre had decided on the course he should adopt. Since it was absolutely necessary either to employ violent measures or give up the entire enterprise, he determined to enforce Brother Tranqui's silence.

"Listen," said he, drawing his poniard from its sheath, "and I will tell you all; but, if you cry out or seek in any way to give the alarm—if you make a signal even—you are a dead man."

"What is this? Are you mad?" cried the monk in terror.

"I declare to you, on my word of honor, that I shall kill you if you attempt to betray what you are about to witness."

"I promise to be still. I will not move from this spot," stammered the monk between his chattering teeth; "but explain the meaning of this."

"I will, for I intend that you shall be useful in furthering this affair."

"Useful? How?"

"I want you to perform a marriage ceremony."

"A marriage ceremony? Between whom?"

"Between the Baron and Mlle. De Laumirail, who will be here presently."

"Whence do they come?"

"From the Convent of Val de Grace."

"From the convent? But how?"

"By that road," said Andre, pointing to the carved panel in the wall.

"By the secret passage? What! How is this? You have taken my key." And Brother Tranqui looked ruefully at his bunch of keys.

"Silence!" said Andre, raising his poniard in a menacing manner. "They are here."

At this moment there came a series of loud knocks on the door of the secret passage. The young officer rested his hand on the head of the carved figure, and the panel glided aside.

At the sight that met his gaze he recoiled in horror. In place of Robert and Irene, whom he had expected, there stood before him the Lady Superior of the convent and the sister who had been his messenger to Irene in the morning.

Certain, now, that his plan had failed, and bewildered by the apparition of these religious figures from the black recesses of the mysterious vault, he was overcome with terror, and in doubt what to do—whether to stand or fly.

He soon recovered himself, however. At any cost, he must have an explanation of this enigma. He resolved, therefore, to face the storm.

"You?" cried the Superior, who recognized him at once. "I was sure of it. It is you who are the author of the plot which has nearly undone us! Ah, this is sad, monsieur, very sad."

"You are right, Sister," said Andre humbly. "From the first my conscience reproached me for employing this trick for your deception, but I am going to confess to you the whole truth. I am but a weak antagonist to the Count de Laumirail, so I had not a blind confidence in the promises of the Queen. I thought that the Count, rich and powerful as he is, would find greater credit for his word at Court than a poor, unknown officer like I. I feared that he might bring his influence to bear on her majesty to break down the charges I have made against him. This is why I concluded it was necessary, if not wise, to take time by the forelock and avoid the possibility of the Count gaining the ascendancy once more. It was I who counseled the Baron to bear off the lady. It was I who set this trap for Brother Tranqui; and it was I who stole the key of the secret passage from him."

"That is honest, at least," said the Superior in a softened tone. "But you must acknowledge this is a very criminal period to confess your fault, monsieur. The scandal you have occasioned will be made the subject of a report which I shall draw up to-morrow, to be submitted to her majesty the Queen."

"Pardon," said Brother Tranqui, who could not understand this conversation; "but may I not know what all this means? It seems to me, as I am directly interested in this affair, I should know all about it."

"I came, Brother, to ask you to explain it to me," said the Superior.

"But I know nothing about it, Sister. I did not miss the key until the very moment you appeared."

"Listen, then, Brother, and let what I shall tell you make you, as it has made us, more circumspect in your duty for the future. This morning, this Monsieur Andre here, taking advantage of a certain service he had rendered us some days since, presented himself at the convent gate with two notes, one for the Sister on duty there, and the other for Mlle. De Laumirail, to whom it was innocently conveyed by the unsuspecting Sister. At first the young lady received the gift with great coldness; but, just as the young man was taking his leave, she appeared at the gate with a strange flush on her face, an unusual brilliancy in her eyes, and under the influence of some powerful emotion. The good Sister did not remark these strange changes with any suspicion; but an hour later, when she detailed to me the circumstances of the visit, I chided her for her complaisance. Then, for the first time, she began to feel that she might have been very imprudent. She remembered the animation and even delight which the simple gift had awakened in Mlle. De Laumirail. Suspecting from these indications that some communication had reached her hands, we resolved to watch her without informing her of our suspicions. And it was well we so decided, as you shall see. The day passed without any extraordinary incident; but to-night, at half-past nine o'clock, we saw the young lady leave her cell and steal cautiously to the chapel, whither we followed her. She was met, the moment she entered, by a young cavalier, who took her warmly in his arms, and, after they had exchanged a few hurried words, led her towards the tomb of Celestine Moriange. Divining at once the danger that threatened us, we rushed before them and succeeded in barring their passage with our bodies. The young gentleman ordered us to stand aside, and was evidently on the point of employing violence. I threatened, however, if he persisted in his undertaking, to ring the alarm-bell and arouse the whole convent. I commanded him to withdraw from the side of the young lady, and then ordered her to return to her cell. They dared not test my threat nor brave the authority with which I am invested. On a sign from me, the Sister who accompanied me took Irene by the hand and led her back to her cell, while I reproached the young man for his wicked conduct. Whether he was overcome by shame or despair at being separated from his affianced, I know not; but true it is that, after murmuring a few words indistinctly, he turned very pale, clasped his hand suddenly to his breast, staggered, and fell heavily to the paved floor of the chapel. I thought at first that my reproaches had killed him. Mad with fright, I ran and awakened the gardener, and ordered him to carry the inanimate body of the strange gentleman to his own room. I returned to my cell, and, after writing a brief letter, went to aid the Sister here in her efforts to restore the insensible cavalier. Aided by the gardener, we did everything possible to revive him, and at last, after great efforts, succeeded in getting him to open his eyes. We asked him his name and where he dwelt, but his weakness was such that he could give no answer to our questions. At last, leaving the gardener to care for him, we entered the secret passage, determined to find the key to this mystery."

"You know all now," said Andre. "I shall not seek to mitigate my crime by excuses; but, if there still remains in your heart any gratitude for the service I have done you, I conjure you, my dear Sisters, to keep this secret. You have no interest to betray it. Brother Tranqui himself, I am sure, would gain nothing better than to have the whole affair forgotten; and, as for myself, I will never tell it."

"Yes, you are right," said the Superior. "Perhaps it were better to smother this scandal; but, unfortunately, it is too late."

"How? Too late?" cried Andre in alarm.

"I was beside myself with alarm when this plot was first discovered, and in my excitement, hardly knowing what I did, I wrote a few lines to the Count, stating the trouble we were in."

"To the Count? What have you done? Robert and Irene are both lost!" said Andre in wild excitement.

This revelation, and the view Andre had taken of it, threw the two nuns and Brother Tranqui into the greatest consternation. They saw now there was no means left to smother the scandal, for the Count would not fail to acquaint the Queen with the story. The Sister on duty at the convent-gate, as well as Brother Tranqui, would be accused of negligence, and the facts coming to the public ear in the present troubled times might lead to the most grave consequences.

Andre was the first to recover his presence of mind, though, to be sure, he was the least interested of all of the company in the results of the scandal becoming public.

"Come," said he, "let's meet the trouble bravely. What did you write to the Count? Can you remember?"

"Yes; perfectly well," answered the Superior. "I informed him that an attempt had been made to rescue his sister."

"And was that all?"

"Yes. You must understand that I had not time to give him the details."

"Then it will be easy to pass over the secret passage in silence, and save yourselves from all suspicion of negligence. Say, for instance, that the Baron bribed one of the gardener's assistants, that you discharged him from your service, and that the plot, far from being the result of your negligence, was discovered and defeated by your extraordinary vigilance. Everyone will believe you, and the more weight will go with your story since it rests on a broad foundation of truth. Suppose you had not watched the young lady and followed her to the chapel—would not our plan have succeeded? So you see that neither you nor Brother Tranqui can be blamed for what has happened."

"That is very true," said the monk, regaining his courage now that the situation was presented in this favorable light for him.

"It will be on me alone," said Andre, "that the responsibility will fall for my bungling work, for it will be impossible to conceal from the Count why his sister was to have been carried off. It is evident I have succeeded only in drawing down on the heads of Robert and Irene, from this moment, a more terrible measure of his vengeance. All the resentment of the Queen will be drawn down upon the unfortunate young lady, you may be assured, for the Count will seize any opportunity to assure himself in the possession of his sister's fortune. It is with this sole object in view that he has struggled for three years against his father, his uncle, and these two unhappy lovers. And it is in support of such revolting cupidity that you make yourselves his accomplices. It is such monstrous injustice that you defend with all your religious zeal, and with all your intelligence. You say Irene has been confided to your care, and it is your duty to return her to those from whom you received her a maiden, as she was when she came into your hands. I know your duty and your zeal, and I approve both, my Sisters; but that cannot prevent me from regretting bitterly that your Christian vigilance prevented my success in the Christian enterprise I undertook last night. But for your interference I should have made two hearts happy. I should have given them liberty and happiness. You have forbidden it; you have assured them despair and death."

The Superior was deeply impressed with these words. Both nuns felt that Andre was right, and secretly they regretted having interfered at all; but the evil could not be remedied now.

"Heaven will avert, I hope," said the Superior, "the evils you prophecy, monsieur."

"Such evils have already been permitted to fall on this unhappy pair, my Sister, that there is nothing we may not expect to follow."

"But what can we do, then?" asked the Superior.

"You can use your influence with the Queen to overcome the evil effects of your note to the Count. You can expose to her the villainy of the bridling him in his treatment of his sister. You can take the side of the just against the wicked—of the weak against the strong."

"I will do it," said the Superior firmly. "To-morrow I will seek an audience with the Queen."

"Thanks," said Andre; "but I fear it will be too late to check the wickedness of the Count. But I must hasten to relieve the Baron's sufferings."

With these words he left the lodge; and, mounting one of the horses which poor old Jacques still guarded faithfully before the gate, he bade him also mount and follow.

CHAPTER XXI.
THE COUNT'S TRIUMPH MADE COMPLETE.

The gardener, acting on the orders of the Superior, had conveyed the inanimate form of the Baron to the lodgings, and, when Andre arrived, the mistress of the house, a kind old lady, had put him in the best room in the house, and was busying herself in making other arrangements for his comfort.

Robert was in so weak a condition that he was unable to make the slightest movement, but this complete insensibility had begun to alarm the good old lady. She had sent for a physician just before Andre came to take her place as the watcher at the bedside of the patient.

"Well, my dear Baron," said the young officer, "you have given us a fright over again, won't we?"

Robert made no movement. He did not seem even to have heard the words that were addressed to him.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his friend. "Are you ill? Where is the pain?"

The Baron neither moved nor answered.

"Has he fainted?" Andre asked himself.

That must be it, for he saw on the table beside the bed a saucer of vinegar, in which was a small piece of linen. He applied this to the nostrils of the sufferer, and with the same result. Andre rubbed his hands, spoke to him, called him by name; but still he preserved the same rigid immobility. This was beginning to be frightful to the watcher. Those large, open eyes that stared fixedly, but saw nothing; that pale face, in which not a muscle quivered; that defened body, which no sound nor call nor care could animate. A shudder ran through Andre's frame. For the first time he knew what it was to be stricken with mortal fear. He was alone with this speechless, motionless man. Terror was gradually gaining dominion over him, when the arrival of the physician luckily made a diversion that gave him new strength. The doctor was the same who had lately attended the Baron for his wounds, and Andre related to him what had happened.

For an hour the physician worked diligently, striving by every known means of his profession to revive his patient; but all his efforts resulted in no change in his condition. He passed a lighted taper to and fro before the strained eyes of the sufferer without producing the least change in the fixed stare of the pupils. He pricked him in the deep into his flesh; but not a muscle moved—not a sign betrayed the pain this wound must have inflicted.

Andre followed every movement of the doctor with an eager eye, and noticed that at last he let his arms fall at his sides with a sigh of discouragement.

"What!" cried he, "it is not hopeless yet?"

The physician gravely shook his head.

"This young man," said he, "has suffered some terrible mental shock."

"So he has," said Andre; "but does it follow that it will quench the sources of his life?"

"I fear so," said the doctor. Again he examined the patient. He felt his pulse, which had ceased to beat; he placed his ear to his heart, which was still; he held a mirror before his lips, but not a breath tarnished its polished surface; he felt each of his limbs—they were losing their warmth.

"This man will die without returning to consciousness," said he.

Andre felt a shudder run through him from head to foot. Was his sinister prophecy going to be verified thus promptly?

"As a last hope, we can rub the body, and strive thus to bring the patient back to life, if you will assist me," said the physician.

"*If I will?*" said Andre impatiently. "Why didn't you ask me before?"

Jacques entered the room at this moment, having been engaged in returning the horses to their stable, and the three men set to work with a will and chafed the insensible form of the friend, master and patient until they were forced to desist from sheer exhaustion.

For the last time the doctor submitted the patient to his tests; but all was in vain.

"This man is dead," said he in a grave voice, and then retired, leaving Andre and old Jacques alone with the body.

Andre was a prey to a terror which he vainly tried to overcome. Robert's eyes still remained open, and the same fixed stare was in them. He tried to close them. A dozen times he pressed down the eyelids, but as often they opened again, slowly rolling up and displaying that never-varying, inexorable, stony stare.

Unable to bear this, Andre turned his back to the body, and thus passed the night.

Early in the morning the doctor came again to satisfy himself conscientiously that he had not been deceived, and that the man was really dead. He had scarcely entered the room when the sound of many heavy footsteps was heard on the staircase, and a furious volley of knocks resounded on the door. Andre opened, and saw before him a squad of soldiers, with the Count de Laumirail at their head.

"What do you want?" asked Andre.

"In the name of the King and by authority of the written order I hold in my hand, I come to arrest the Baron Robert de Jouy," replied the Count.

"Take his corpse, then," said Andre. "That will only make one more in the pathway you pursue."

"Monsieur!" said the Count in a menacing tone, "have a care, or I may make you share his fate."

"Monsieur," said Andre, beside himself with passion, "that I defy you to do. I wear the uniform of the house of Orleans. Pierce it if you dare."

The intervention of the physician at this point alone prevented a mortal affray.

"My lord," said he, "your mission is unnecessary. The Baron Robert de Jouy has been dead eight hours. You may convince yourself."

The Count walked to the bed and touched the cold body of the Baron. He was satisfied with that. Then, muttering in a low tone "It is better as it is," he made a sign to his soldiers to retire, and followed them himself, after casting a vicious glance at Andre, who, flaming with passion, was restrained by the prudent physician.

"Villain! He triumphs!" cried Andre in accents of anguish.

The next morning Andre and the faithful old Jacques followed the remains of the Baron to their last resting-place.

"And to think it was I who killed him!—I, with my stupid plans and my advice!" said Andre as he wept over him.

CHAPTER XXII.
THE PROMISE OF A NOBLEMAN.

Three eventful months had passed since the close of the preceding chapter. The Fronde was struggling desperately in the field against the trained armies of the King. The month of June was drawing to its close, and the end was approaching. The result of the war thus far had not varied much from what it has already been said was predicted by Cardinal Mazarin. Paris was absolutely sick of the part it was playing in this struggle between the King and the Princes. The fickle city began to ask itself strange questions, and echo gave back some equally queer answers. What mattered it to Paris if the Princes did really triumph over the Cardinal? What benefit would result? None. Whichever party won, there would be still the taxes to pay and the expenses of the war to shoulder.

So Paris began to grow cooler and cooler towards the cause of the Fronde, and the Cardinal, who had his spies everywhere, was well aware of this. Elated with these prospects, he had hastened to join the King and the Queen at Blois, whither they had repaired to inspire the troops with enthusiasm to strike the final blow at the rebellion.

The royal army was commanded by Marshal Hocquincourt and the famous Turenne. The army of the Princes, composed of Germans, Spaniards and raw French recruits, could not stand against the skill of Turenne, whose veteran troops almost invariably prevailed in spite of their numerical inferiority. The royal army was victoriously advancing along the banks of the Loire, and menacing Orleans.

Two dangers now menaced the Fronde. The defection of Paris was the first, the loss of Orleans the second—or, in other words, the utter inability to maintain the war.

Gaston of Orleans had been appealed to in vain by the Princes in their extremity. He prayed secretly for their success; but he was careful not to commit himself in any overt act. The rebels then appealed to his daughter, whose sympathies, they were well aware, were in their favor. Here they were more fortunate. The Princess, summoning her staff of officers and the guards of her household, galloped off in hot-haste to the army. Evidently, as her history shows, the Princess did not think herself far from the character of a woman, but something stern-end, and in her mind greater—a great man. By force of an unusually strong mind, she won precedence over the generals of the rebel army. She protested against their policy of defense and their inaction, and the soldiers threw up their caps and went to the attack, cheering for her. With one bold stroke she seized Orleans, which had already declared for the approaching army of the King. Appearing before its walls, with only her staff surrounding her, she demands admission of the garrison. This being refused, some peasants batter in one of the city gates, and, boldly riding in, harangued the citizens to such good effect that they gave in their adherence to her standard, and the Prince of Conde, with the army of the Fronde, thus relieved of an enemy in its rear, was enabled to fall back on Paris, to keep its people from losing from his grasp.

The Duke of Beaufort, jealous of the successes of this heroine, broke the charm of her success, however, by attacking the enemy without orders. His corps was cut to pieces, and all its artillery was captured. Still maintaining defiant front, and falling back to a strong position, the Princes awaited the coming of the flushed veterans of the King. Marshal Hocquincourt, urged by the Cardinal, and against the advice of the wily Turenne (who paused and rested his wing of the army in a hastily fortified position), rushed blindly on, and, meeting the inspirited forces of the Princes with every advantage on their side, suffered a terrible defeat, which the new policy of aggressiveness soon turned into a complete rout. It was only Turenne's caution that day that saved the King and the Cardinal from capture. All the equipage and artillery of the defeated royalists fell into the hands of their enemy, together with many prisoners. That night the tent of the Princess was pitched among her soldiers on the battle-field of Bienau. In the early evening, when the first flush of victory was fresh upon her brow, one of her favorite staff-officers presented himself to know her.

"Your highness," said he, "I solicit a favor at your hands."

"Name it, Andre," said she enthusiastically. "You have acted nobly to-day, and I am in no humor to refuse."

"It concerns one of the prisoners we have taken to-day."

"Which one?"

"The Count de Laumirail."

"Ah! is he a prisoner?"

"Yes; and I wish to ask of you that I may have his disposal in my hands."

"Ah! an enemy of yours?" said the Princess; "but that cannot be. We make war for grand political ends, and not to gratify personal hatred. All prisoners must be held for exchange, as I have agreed with Turenne."

"I do not ask to murder him," said the officer. "I simply claim as my reward for this day's work the privilege of naming on what terms alone he shall be released."

The Princess remained deep in thought for some minutes, and then answered suddenly and impulsively, as was her habit:

"You have done noble service this day, and the reward you ask is slight indeed beside such service. The prisoner is yours."

Andre retired to his tent and summoned the prisoner, who was brought before him under guard.

The nobleman sullenly gazed at the young officer, who rose to receive him.

"Monsieur," said the former in answer to the inquiring glance of his involuntary visitor, "you see before you one who was the only friend of the Baron Robert de Jouy."

The nobleman started and looked about him apprehensively. The rebel officer continued:

"The tables are now turned. It is you who are the prisoner. Your fate rests with me."

"Well, what do you purpose—assassination?" inquired the Count with a dark scowl, which was intended to mask an apprehensive tremor that ran through his frame

"No," said the officer; "but I propose to make you a proposition which you may avail yourself of or not, as you please."

"A proposition? Name it."

"It is that you give me satisfaction, as a friend of the Baron Robert, for the injuries you have done him."

"Satisfaction? A duel? You jest, since I am in your power, and you may kill me at your pleasure and run no risk yourself."

"Then," said the Frondeur, "I offer you an alternative."

"And that is?"

"To set your sister, Mlle. Irene, free from her convent-prison, restore her property, and give her freedom of mind as regards herself."

"What concern of yours is it whether my sister takes the veil or not?" asked the Count quietly.

"Do you refuse?" asked the officer.

"And if I do, what then?"

"You must fight me, monsieur."

"Where?"

"Here—in this tent, with these poniards."

"And if I refuse to fight?"

"Then I will kill you, monsieur!" hissed the young officer with a flashing glance and a firm lip that betokened determination. "Speak! Do you accept?"

"I must," said the Count sullenly; "there is no help for it. I will not fight, monsieur, but ——"

"You will set your sister free?"

"Yes."

"You will restore her property?"

"Yes."

"You will make her absolutely free?"

"I will."

"You swear this?"

"On the word of a gentleman and a soldier."

The officer looked at his prisoner with a puzzled air of indecision. Suddenly a new light came into his face.

"You shall write and sign this," said he.

"Sign it?" exclaimed the Count, a flush of anger overspreading his features. "I will not. The word of a gentleman is his bond. That I will give you freely. If you cannot take that, then sacrifice my life, for I shall sign no bond of dishonor."

"I accept your word, monsieur, and are free. I exact, however, this condition—that you allow me to send you, under an escort of cavalry, to Paris, where you will at once repair to your residence. There I, with a friend as a witness, will meet you three days hence, and you will formally take the steps that will release your sister from the Convent of Val de Grace, and restore to her the property left her by her father."

"I agree again," said the Count graciously.

The officer summoned an orderly, who retired after receiving his whispered orders, and returned in a few minutes to announce that the escort was ready.

The Count was bewildered at this magnanimity, and could scarcely believe that it was not all a trick—a deception to prolong the agonies of the death that had been adjudged him. But when he found himself in the saddle and galloping towards Paris, while the cavalry escort subinitted itself to his orders, and made no show of treating him as a prisoner, his heart bounded with new life. He was free once more. And how cheaply had he escaped from the clutches of his bitter enemy! He dismissed the escort at the gates of the city, and threaded the streets of Paris alone.

* * * * * * *

Three days after, two travel-stained cavaliers rode into the courtyard of the palatial residence of the Count de Laumirail, and demanded an audience with its master. One of these was Andre—the other a slender, dark-haired, pale young man of about twenty-five years.

They were admitted at once, and ushered directly into the presence of the Count.

"Well," said the nobleman, rising from his chair at a table where he had been writing, and addressing Andre, who entered in advance of his companion, "to what do I owe this familiar visit from a stranger?"

"A stranger?" repeated Andre in surprise.

"Yes—your business."

"My business? You know, as well as I, that I am here by appointment."

"Appointment with me? You?" said the Count with a sneer.

"Yes, with you. Why you, will not pretend that you do not remember being taken a prisoner by the army of the Fronde three days ago, and being released by me on your promise that you would meet me here and in the presence of a witness, set your sister free?"

"Why, you are mad!" said the Count. "I have taken no part in this unhappy contest. I have been in Paris all the time, and have never been near either army. Consequently ——"

"You pretend you were not taken prisoner?" cried Andre, beside himself with astonishment.

"Never, monsieur; you have been imposed on by some shrewd rogue who has represented himself as the Count de Laumirail."

"Indeed!" said Andre between his clenched teeth. "I have been imposed upon by a rogue, as you say, but you were that rogue, Monsieur de Laumirail."

"Have a care, monsieur, how you, a stranger, come into my house with such insults on your tongue," said the Count.

"I repeat it," said Andre. "You have acted the rogue yourself, monsieur."

"The Baron de Jouy, your friend, for whom you pretend to have borne such love, is dead. Irene has renounced the world in consequence, and your efforts in her behalf are therefore unfriendly to her own best wishes."

"But, monsieur, the Baron is not dead," said Andre. "See!"

And with these words his companion stepped forward, and, throwing aside his cloak, displayed the pale features of the Baron Robert. The Count staggered and recoiled from the stern gaze of his enemy.

"Do not fear," said Robert. "I am no ghost, come to tax you with the judgment of your crimes in another world. I live and breathe and come to witness how a nobleman can keep his promise."

"How—how do you come here? What strange dream is this?" gasped the Count.

"It is no dream, be assured. It is a stern reality for you. When last you saw me I was lying as you supposed, cold in death. Your spies even followed me to the grave, and there left me alone with my only friend—the gallant gentleman who stands beside me. I revived in my coffin, and his quick ear caught the sound of the faint gasp of returning life. He seized the gravedigger's pick, and, dashing in the lid of my coffin, dragged me back from the very jaws of death into life once more. A few pistoles placed in the hands of the gravedigger insured his silence, and thus the dead came to life, monsieur, to confront a nobleman and test a nobleman's word of honor."

"Dog!" cried the Count in fury; "do you still live to defy me?"

"To defy you? Yes; to prove you not only an assassin, but a perjurer," answered Andre for his friend.

"Have a care, monsieur," said Laumirail, livid with passion. "I have received you courteously in my house. I have answered your questions with politeness, and have assured you that you are mistaken in the person with whom you have made your bargain. Once for all, I know nothing of any promise I have ever made to you, and assuredly I was never your prisoner."

The Count rang a small bell on his table. A servant appeared.

"Have my people summoned, and pitch these men into the street,' said he, pointing to Andre and Robert.

The young men prepared to depart; but Andre lingered to repeat his assertions of the Count's perfidy, and to renew his charges of dishonesty against him. By this time the people of the house, the rough retainers of the Count, had arrived, and the doorway was blocked up with a crowd of fierce men, bristling with weapons. In a moment the two bold visitors were surrounded by the armed lackeys, who poured into the apartment. Their menacing could allow of no doubt of their intentions. It was evident that the Count had only allowed Andre to enter his house as easily as he had done in order to entrap him, and on some pretense or other to set his armed hirelings on him. These were all ready, and seemed to require no orders from their master to push matters to extremes.

"Now," cried the Count triumphantly, "will you still persist in your foolish stories? Will you still say I owe you any promise, that I have bound myself by oath to you?"

Robert boldly took up the gauntlet that was thus flung down before him.

"Yes," said he, facing the Count bravely; "I, Robert of Jouy, here accuse you, the Count de Laumirail, in the presence of your household, of perjury and felony. I accuse you, too, of having assassinated ——"

"Beggar!" cried the Count, rushing towards him with his uplifted dagger, and not giving him time to finish the sentence.

Robert bounded back quickly, and took his place beside Andre.

"Upon these impostors, my friends!" cried the Count, turning to his retainers, "and defend the honor of your house!"

The servants were only too eager to use their weapons, and rushed upon the two intruders without waiting for further encouragement. Andre and Robert had by this time, however, taken advantage of an opening, and were moving towards the door. They met the assault so bravely that the servants recoiled after the first shock. Probably they had thought to overwhelm them by surprise, and were not prepared to maintain a desperate combat with two determined and skillful swordsmen, for two of them had already been severely wounded; and the rest, seeing this, hung back and hesitated to renew the attack.

The Count, remarking this hesitation, placed himself at their head, and, drawing two pistols, fired at Andre and Robert, missing the former altogether in his blind fury, but wounding the latter slightly in the shoulder. The boldness of the latter seemed to give the servants fresh courage, for they immediately made a combined assault with such desperation that the young men were obliged to give way and retire precipitately into the corridor. The rush of their enemies after them prevented their descending to the court-yard. On the contrary, they were compelled to fly to the staircase leading to the floor above. At the foot of this staircase they faced about, and, meeting their enemies, again made such desperate resistance that the retainers were again forced to recoil.

"Come," said Robert, in a whisper, "let us run up these stairs and barricade ourselves in the first apartment that we find. Thus we may at least sell our lives dearly."

No sooner said than done. The two friends, taking advantage of the hesitation of their enemies, rushed up the staircase, gained the first door at hand, entered the room, closed and locked the door, and hastily piled up all the furniture of the room against it. Before they had made their barricade complete, the servants were smashing the door with their heels.

"The door is solid, and the lock and bolts are strong," said Robert; "so they have no easy task, and we have a good ten minutes before us."

"Yes, but after those ten minutes—what then?" said Andre.

"Then," said Robert, "the door will break, and we will carve them through the interstices of our barricade."

"And then?"

"Then we will die bravely," said Robert.

"We'll try not to, though," said Andre, fiercely knitting his brows.

The young officers, standing resolutely at their barricade, awaited the culmination of disaster. Each had taken off his cloak, and had rolled it about his left arm, and with sword in hand they calmly awaited the inevitable. The door was giving way, and in a few moments at the utmost it must be shivered into fragments.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BACK DRAWING-ROOM.—CHORUS OF LADIES.—But, if we get up a Burlesque, we shall have to wear—what they do at the real Theatre!!!
[Then somebody suggested Turkish ones, but it was negatived by an overwhelming majority.]

MY LITTLE LOVE AMONG THE ANGELS

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

My little love among the angels
Has lived for many a day;
With prayer and song her sweet voice mingles
While lonely here I stray;
But now and then a glimpse is given
Of clear eyes smiling yet,
For, like a star in yon bright heaven,
Her fair young face is set.

The little love from whom I parted
Ere fields grew bare and brown,
Beyond the bright gates, happy-hearted,
Has laid each burden down.
And now, to feel her lips caressing,
From barren paths I call;
Oh, round the way her feet are pressing,
No frost or rain can fall!

O little love! I hear in slumber
The songs by glad lips sung;
I know my face you still remember
The shining hosts among.
O soft, dark eyes, shone upon me beaming!
While night's dark hours remain,
There rings a promise through my dreaming
That we shall meet again.

Bridgeport, Ct., 1876.

FASCINATION,
Or the Siren of the Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

James Mercer was detained downtown by business, and, after supper at a restaurant, he accompanied an old-time acquaintance of his bachelor days, whom he had met by chance, to the theatre, to witness a society-play then enjoying a prolonged run and much popularity.

Tom Sparks was a man-about-town, supposed to be of ample means, and, at any rate, of abundant leisure. Since his wedding, two years before, Mercer had not met Tom, as he had given up both his haunts and comrades of single-blessedness, and devoted his evenings to Mrs. Mercer, being among his set the example model husband, who carried no night-key and was detained neither at the club nor at the lodge.

"What a glorious creature!" ex

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W. J. R., Lockport.—A dispute arose here in regard to the coach Washington used, and all parties agreed to abide by your decision. By answering the following questions you will decide the difference: 1. Do they, or did they then time to time, change the position of articles in the carriage department at the Centennial Exhibition? 2. Had the coach used by Washington four horses or models of horses attached to it at any time during the Exhibition? If so, when? 3. Were the four horses with gold mounted harness attached to any vehicle? If they were, what kind of one was it—as old open or modern coach? Had the coach ever been used? 4. Was it such a one as is used nowadays, viz., one that could be opened? In other words, was it a close top with no method of opening or dropping it?"——1. The "carriage" was changed from a regular modern carriage (landau) to General Washington's coach. 2. Each coach had four horses. Washington's coach about two hours before those had the four horses attached to it. 3. The horses had all along been attached to one or other of the two coaches; the modern carriage never having been used. The first coach was called a landau, opening in the centre and falling front and back. We obtain this information from Samuel R. Phillips, he being the gentleman who had entire charge of both carriages during the Exhibition, and who is the well-known manufacturer of harness in Philadelphia.

G. H. M., Toronto.—1. The producer of piece No. 1 wins. The two coins, instead of being alike, as bargained for, only resembled each other in being three-shilling pieces. They were not only of different dates, but also of different designs. The case is similar to that of a man who offers a rare and valuable American quarter dollar of a given year in which but two or three quarters were struck of. It would not be necessary to produce an American quarter dollar of 1850 or 1876, although the denominations and the designs may be identical. Had the bet been that there was not in Toronto another English three-shilling piece, then No. 2, whoever that fair lot won, would certainly have won. 2. No answers by mail.

J. A., Brooklyn.—1. The New York Crystal Palace was burned Oct. 5, 1858. 2. To make a good clam-chowder of about a gallon, take a quarter of a pound of very fat salt pork. Fry it out in a frying-pan, and pour into chowder pot. Add a half can of tomatoes, small bunch of parsley, bunch of thyme, quart of onions, quart of potatoes, and a quart of solid clams (clam liquor can be added afterwards). All these must be chopped fine. Now add four pilot-biscuits broken in the, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one and a half tablespoonfuls of pepper. Just cover with water and clam liquor, and cook for two hours over a slow fire. After that, otherwise season to suit taste.

QUERY, Troy.—There was no misapprehension of the case. In sporting usage, when A bets B that he (A), or someone else, will win his prior bet, or all his prior bets, he is simply staking his prior bet or bets. The facts which would have determined the prior bets, had they not been drawn, will determine the later ones. Suppose the prior bet to be $5, and the later one $10, the later one is $15, being that the decision as to the fact is likely to go against him, might not cross induce a drawing of the original bet, if that drawing could vitiate the subsequent wager. In practice he is given no chance to do this.

HORACE M. FOWLER, Phila.—1. We believe that G. Price, E. Ross, S. Hutton and R. Fulton first rowed together in the spring of 1867, in July of which year they received the title of "The Paris Crew," owing to their participation in the French Regatta at the Paris Exposition. E. Ross was subsequently for some time champion sculler. S. Hutton and Fulton in 1868, and previously. 2. The Paris Crew were beaten by Renforth's champion crew of England, at Lachine, Canada, by 30yds. Fulton and Price were the parties alleged to have done so. 4. They were never known to pull quite so fast a stroke as that.

C. H., Phila.—1. Glasgow, 547,851; Liverpool, 493,405; Manchester (with Salford), 475,990; Birmingham, 343,787; Leeds, 259,212; Dublin, 246,326. The Registrar-general's estimates make the population of the same places 834,564, 516,082, 491,274, 350,119, 314,650, 258,000. The Irish authorities, but the Registrar-general's estimates are the later, dating from July, 1875. 2. Philadelphia has a larger area than London, Eng., unless the latter has recently annexed seven square miles of territory of which we are not advised.

HR. PLUMMER.—1. The performances were embodied in our Christmas issue for 1875. For information of those who, like yourself, were ignorant of Capt Barclay's achievements as a runner, than on account of the superior excellence of other performers, he was no longer accomplished what he undertook to do, the performance constituted a "record," notwithstanding that it is not equal to the best recorded. Consequently, you, having bet that Captain Barclay had not walked 1,000 miles, must lose your money.

A CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—"We are playing six-card cribbage. A leads off with a 3, B with 3, A with 5, B with another 3 and counts a trip of 3's. A follows suit with 5, B a 4, and counts a run of 3, 4, 5. Now, A plays an ace. B a deuce, and claiming a run of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. I claim that the ace on top of the 4 and the deuce on top of 3 is a run of three in the run. Am I right?"——No. The sequence is complete.

CONSTANT READER.—Jacob and James are two distinct names in the German language. 2. Song-and-dance performers seek no $25 week to $50 week, but to build up reputation and ability. 3. Alice Harrison is acting in the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. 4. Lulu Delmay is married.

LADY TRAPSHOT.—1. Salary would range from $25 upwards, according to the ability you display, and would be increased according to enhanced merit and popularity. 2. There would be no harm in making a trial, if you can secure an opening. Select any short name, because it is better for billing purposes.

SPORTSMAN, Baltimore.—If Williams received 5,000 or more votes over all other candidates for the same office, then his majority, for the purpose of the bet, is 5,000. Otherwise, it is not. 2. A man can win on "certainty."

BROOKLYN, Washington.—The late James A. Oates was about 55in. high, and as an actor had played in both tragedy and comedy. We do not think that he managed any variety theatre in Norfolk, Va., within the past twelve years, but he may have done so previous to that time.

SARATOGA.—Address Rentz's to Bill Poole, Broadway.

NEWS, Upper Sandusky.—Bill Poole was shot Feb. 23, 1855, and died March 7, following. The bullet was found imbedded in the muscular portion of the heart.

OLD KING, Louisville.—1. The letter has been already claimed. 2. No charge, but we publish only such as is acceptable to us.

ON TIME, Baltimore.—G. H. Rowe, 475 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and A. M. Schacht & Co., 175 Allen street, New York.

B. B., Peekskill.—Barnum's Roman Hippodrome was first opened April 27, 1874. During the previous season Barnum's show exhibited there under canvas.

CONSTANT READER, Detroit.—Jenny Lind is living in London, Eng. We never give the street and number of the residences of professional ladies.

Dreamers.—"God Help the Poor," "Heaven Bless Our Darling," "Asfie," "Doying in My Room," "Greenwrought," "Little Gray," "Past and Present."

JIMMY, Jersey City.—Laura Alberia is about 13 or 14 years of age. Cannot say where she was born. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Harrison, travel with her.

H. E. C., Detroit.—Miss Charlotte Thompson is performing nightly in the Dramatic monarchy, she could not have been dead on or before Nov. 20 last.

DIGBY.—1. Jenny Lind's first concert in America took place in Castle Garden, New York, Sept. 11, 1850. 2. Have no record.

D. P.—No answers by mail. The late Edwin Forrest fulfilled a star engagement in the Broadway Theatre (Wallack's Old Theatre), near Broome street, in this city.

W. W. S., Boston.—John Pendy and Cool Burgess sing songs with changes of costume, and with cork upon their faces. We cannot say what is such person's business.

A. W., Junction.—John Jones is not the editor of that paper, and George Jones, who is its nominal editor and proprietor, is an American citizen.

GYMNASIUM, Waltham.—At poker there is occasionally such a hand recognized by general agreement as a "color flush," composed of cards of two suits, but of one color.

D. C. J., Tuscola.—The returns of the proper authorities are prima-facie evidence that you win. The absolute proof as to the election will be the occupancy of the office.

H. Harrisburg.—Our Models, No. 1, can be based upon his taking up the build or combination, so long as he cannot take any other trick or form a new combination.

J. Burlington, Ia.—The bet was entitled to his but once. 2. Try it. Gold is more than twice as heavy as iron. 3. See answer to "J. Lynch."

J. F., Fairlay.—1. Twenty miles in 58:25, at Boston, Oct. 21, 1868, is the fastest. 2. No answers by mail.

J. L. E., Boston.—The seller had to take two, or else name his own terms. Each player can bid but once, unless all the others are willing that he shall bid twice.

J. C. F.—A will win by Tilden's having a majority, amounting to 20,000 or more, of all the votes cast for the different electoral tickets.

CHARLES A. RAY, Ogden.—1. Messrs. Claflin & Co. decline, as is but proper, to make their business public. 2. No answers by mail.

J. F. HACK.—1. Money sufficient for card. 2. No letter. 3. Sketch-writers and vocalists command from $25 upwards according to merit and reputation.

J. A., Toronto.—The brass bands at the Peace Jubilee, Boston, Mass., did not compete for superiority. There were no prizes whatever awarded at that festival.

R. SPERRY, Chicago.—No. 1 is right. Numerous ladies, besides Miss Kate Bateman, have played Leah in "Leah the Forsaken."

GYMNAST.—Shock, Curry and Fox swing in the air, hold ing the bar in their hands, and then, letting go, turn a double somersault.

R. S., Cleveland.—If he must, of course, have 5,000 majority over all other candidates, when it has not been specified what he need have it over but one.

SUBSCRIBER, Reading.—Although his majority, as to all the votes cast, was but 3,541, Hayes carried the State of Ohio by 7,596, and D wins.

ELSDON, Brooklyn.—3. It would depend upon the quality of the grain, which would affect its buoyancy. 2. Inquire is a dry goods store.

E. H., Shamokin.—1. A contributor who now writes under the nom-de-plume of Mat McArno. 2. There was only one published.

PENNSYLVANIA, Alpsville.—Certainly. The right to vote and the right to own property are not dependent, else the majority of those who can properly vote would be illegal voters.

F. A. E., Portland.—1. A has won the game. 2. The National Theatre, Boston, Mass., was burned the last time March 24, 1852.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The game being single-handed, with four in, you are entitled to four points for a march; but it should be so understood before beginning play.

W. H. H., Wilmington.—Hayes carried Ohio by an 2,767 majority.

H. N., Madison.—1. The lower cloth will tend to preserve the upper; but two cloths will not pay in the long run. 2. It will not be any easier to play, of course.

G. H.—You can only guess from the present address of Mr. Lennon and D. Birdsall. Percy Roselle returned to London, Eng., some years ago.

ENGLISH SPARROW.—1, 2, 3.—You cannot get an engagement in a variety theatre to learn the business. 3. An advertisement might secure you a copy of "Dublin Dan."

NO SIDE-WHISKERS, Sandwich.—1. Decker has trotted publicly for stakes within eleven years past. 2. That horse is eighteen years old. 3. The jack counts, it having been turned up before there was any wicket.

MARY AND TWO BOYS, Calamazoo.—Some pool-sellers will do one thing, and some another. We decline to say what we shall possibly do as to a contingent event concerning which we may not have to do anything.

J. LYNCH AND PAT MALONE, Burlington.—1. The Garry-owen Hose Company has the best record for running 540 yards. 2. Will answer next week.

W. A., Washington.—Address Joseph Jefferson Jr. during the week commencing Dec. 11 at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, Eng.

C. H., West Joptin.—1. Lexington's best four-mile time has within the past two years been beaten by both Fellowcraft and Ten Broeck. 2. No answers by mail.

T. J. AND J. G., Maynard.—1. Your opponent can look only at the last trick taken in. 2. It is not known who originated auction pitch.

F. C., Cleveland.—We are not deciding any bets as to the possible interpretation of election laws in Louisiana. What is possible in that State is past finding out.

L. F. C., Edina.—1. Tilden's majority in this State in 1874 was 30,549. 2. Indiana did not give Williams a majority in 1876.

H. W. M., Winterest.—If you mean the Jerome Park at which the races are held, it is not only in New York State, but also in New York City.

H. L., Galion.—1. If Barnes had 5,000 more votes than all the other candidates for the same office put together, then A wins. Watch our baseball department.

CANADA.—D loses. Tilden's majority in this State is under 27,000, though his plurality is 32,989. That is, he beats Hayes that many.

O. K.—1. It is to be decided by the electoral ticket only. Had there been no such ticket, then the vote for Governor would decide it; if no Governor, then Secretary of State.

W. M., Youngstown.—The city directory you could find instructors in the place you mention. Advertise in a local paper.

J. C., New Brunswick.—We have not had time to search our files for the information to answer your question, but will do so next week, if possible.

AXROD.—The ace of hearts in forty-five never calls for anything but a trump.

C. B., Waterbury.—1. Cannot say. 2. See rates on first column of eighth page.

S. A. S., Cincinnati.—Some of them are fine, while others are "N. G."

DOT SETTLES IT.—The gag about the stricken Jew has been the rounds already.

L. A. C., Baltimore.—Should a vacancy occur, we shall hear you in mind.

OLD SPORT, Brooklyn.—"Fistiana," the only work containing that information, is out of print.

MORTON.—Miss Eliza Weatherby was born in London, Eng., in 1849, and is unmarried.

J. B. F., Poughkeepsie.—Your letter received, but there was no bill inclosed. His name is Charlotte Crabtree.

N. P. T., Phila.—1. Parkman was murdered on Nov. 23, 1849. 2. Webster departed this life on Aug. 30, 1850.

CONSTANT READER, Swan Land.—The Star of the West was fired into in 1861, the first year of the Rebellion.

F. H., Newark.—You are too old to commence the dramatic profession.

H. P., Norfolk.—1. A cannot build his three to six. 2. No answers by mail.

W. S., Lawrence.—1. State the case fully. 2. No answers by mail.

J. M. M., New Bedford.—B having revoked, A is entitled to score one point in addition to all that he makes in play

THE TURF.

RACING AT RICHMOND, VA.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22.

The first regular race meeting held in Richmond, Va., since the late Civil War commenced on the State Fair Grounds Nov. 22, and continued during the following three days. The turf meetings held in years past in this city, on the once-famous Broadrock Course, were among the leading reunions in the United States. The present meeting is the first step towards the revival of racing in the Old Dominion, although its success has not been of a hopeful character. The weather on the opening day was wet and unfavorable, the track was heavy, and the attendance limited in numbers. Most of the horses were the same as had run at the Brightwood Park Meeting, Washington, D. C., where the conduct of the promoters was not calculated to inspire confidence in the bona-fide character of the present contests. The racing commenced with a dash of half a mile, for two-year-old colts and fillies, for a purse of $100, $50 going to the winner, $30 to the second horse, and $20 to the third. Three youngsters entered and started, viz., A. B. Lewis & Co.'s g. g. Bosworth, J. W. Weldon's c. f. Flora, and W. P. Burche's c. c. Mainbrace. Bosworth had beaten both his opponents with apparent ease at Washington, and he was made the favorite. The result caused general surprise among the uninitiated; for, after Flora and Bosworth had made the running for three furlongs, Mainbrace, who had waited behind within striking distance, collared and passed them with seeming ease, and won in hollow style in 59 seconds; Flora second, and Bosworth in the rear.

The second race was a dash of one mile, for all ages, to carry 100lb., for a purse of $150, divided into $75 to the first horse, $50 to the second, and $25 to the third. The following entered and ran: A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b. c. Pluto, C. W. Medinger's c. f. Libbie L., and J. W. Weldon's c. c. Coupon. Libbie L. had the call in the betting; but the result of the first race had made speculators wary in laying out their greenbacks, and investments were small. A good start was had, First Chance taking the lead, with Coupon second and Pluto last. They ran in this order for three-quarters of a mile, when Pluto and Coupon changed positions, the former taking second place. A furlong from home Pluto challenged First Chance, and, after a close finish, beat him to the score by half a length in 2:00; Coupon a bad third.

In the hurdle race—over four hurdles, light weight (carrying 23lb over the regular weights for age) and mile heats—only two horses came to the post—Bay Rum and Jack Trigg. Bay Rum won the first heat in 2:09; but, it being alleged that he had not jumped the last hurdle, the judges took the heat from him and gave it to Jack Trigg. In the second heat, Bay Rum distanced his opponent and won the heat and race. Time, 2:11.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, NOV. 23.

The attendance was larger than on the previous day. A mile dash for three-year-olds, for a purse of $100, divided into first, second and third moneys, had three contestants: Weldon's Coupon, Burche's Hohkirk, and Medinger's Libbie L. Hohkirk was the favorite, and, making the running from start to finish, he won very easily in 1:53, Coupon beating Libbie L. for second money. The second race was for a purse of $150, for horses of all ages, dash of one mile and a half. Three horses started: Hatteras, Wateree and Starlight, the first-named being a favorite. Starlight took the lead, followed by Wateree and the favorite, and they ran thus for half a mile, when Hatteras went to the front, was never again headed, and won very easily in 2:45½; Wateree second, and Starlight beaten off.

The third race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, for a purse of $100. Three horses started: First Chance, Tom O'Neil and Pluto. First Chance was a favorite. He took the lead at the start, with Pluto next, and Tom O'Neil third, and these positions as were maintained for three-quarters of a mile, when Pluto closed on the leader. Coming up the homestretch, Tom O'Neil passed Pluto, and after a good finish with First Chance succeeded in making a dead heat of it. Time, 2:21. In running off the dead heat, Tom O'Neil came in ahead; but on weighing First Chance's rider it was found that he was overweight, and the judges decided that, as no weight had been taken at the start, the heat was void, and must be run over next day.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, Nov. 24.

The attendance on this day was large, the weather being clear and the condition of the track improved. The opening race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for two-year-old colts and fillies, for a purse of $100, divided into $50, $30 and $20 for first, second and third horses, respectively. There were three starters: C. W. Medinger's Tampico, W. P. Burche's Mainbrace, and D. Weldon's Flora. Tampico, followed by Mainbrace, made the running throughout, and won easily enough in 1:25, Flora bringing up the rear.

A dash of one mile, for a purse of $100, followed. The runners were Lewis & Co.'s Lady Clipper, Dr. Weldon's Coupon, and C. W. Medinger's Libbie L. Lady Clipper cut out the running from the start, and won under a hard pull in 1:48½, Coupon taking second money, and Libbie L. third. Next came a dash of a mile and a half for horses of all ages, for a purse of $150, divided into first, second and third moneys. Three horses started. Callahan's Bay Rum, Eberle's Wateree, and Bradley's Starlight. Wateree took the lead, but on the second quarter Bay Rum lapped him, and after a good race won by a length in 2:42½; Starlight a bad third.

The last dash was in the one-and-a-quarter-mile race the previous day, between Tom O'Neil and First Chance, was then run off. Tom O'Neil led from start to finish, and won by four lengths in 2:21.

FOURTH DAY—SATURDAY, Nov. 25.

The fourth and last day of the meeting was pleasant, and the attendance respectable. The opening race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for horses of all ages, for a purse of $100, at catch-weights, $75 to the first and $25 to the second. It brought out three runners: Weldon's Coupon, C. W. Medinger's First Chance and A. B Lewis & Co.'s Bosworth. First Chance took the lead at the start, and, retaining it throughout, won easily enough from Coupon in 1:20; Bosworth third.

The second race was a dash of a mile and a half for all ages, for a purse of $125, the winner taking $100 and the second horse $25. The contestants were W. Wyche's Hatteras, A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Lady Clipper, and W. Callahan's Bay Rum. This was the best contested race of the meeting. All the horses got off even at the word, and a quarter pole Hatteras showed in front, and, although Lady Clipper and Bay Rum disputed hotly every yard of the way, he retained his lead to the finish, and won cleverly by half a length in 2:42½, the filly securing second money by beating Bay Rum three-quarters of a length.

The third race was a dash of a mile and a quarter for horses of all ages, for a purse of $125, the winner taking $100 and the second horse $25. Only three entered: Medinger's Libbie L., Wilson & Co.'s Tom O'Neil and Wyche's Hohkirk, but, the latter being lame, the two last-named had to be withdrawn. Libbie L. made the running from start to finish, and won the race by a length in 2:18. This race terminated the meeting.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The second of the series of three matches for $1,000 a side, which, between John Murphy and Captain Nell Mowry, which was to have come off at Fleetwood Park Course Nov. 25, did not take place, Capt. Mowry paying forfeit in both the remaining matches at 100 miles and 150 miles. The California horseman became convinced, from his experience in the first match of 10 miles, of the superiority, both in speed and endurance, of Murphy's American-bred horses over his own mustangs, and therefore concluded to pay forfeit in both remaining matches.

.....Dr. Somerville, a leading horse-dealer in Canada, has purchased the trotting-horse Simon, belonging to Dr. Woodruff of London, Ont., on behalf of a gentleman in Glasgow, Scotland, for the largest price ever paid for a horse in that section of the Dominion. Dr. Somerville has purchased this year 2,500 head of horses, Ont., $47,000 worth of horses for the American market.....Mr. Emory Cobb of Kankanee, Ill., lost his short-horn bull 19th Duke of Airdrie, on Nov. 20. He was valued at $20,000.....Mr. Bradford, for many years the clerk of the course at Nottingham, Eng., met with his death under the most painful circumstances at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on the morning of Nov. 7. He was about to ascend to his room to breakfast, in the elevator, when, in consequence of some of the gearing giving way, it suddenly ascended, and Mr. Bradfield was crushed to death between the elevator and the ceiling. The accident caused the greatest sensation in Liverpool, the Fall race meeting being then in progress.....Charles L. Sharpless of Philadelphia has purchased of J. F. French of Detroit the trotting stallion Black Bashaw.....Mr. Harrington of Boston has purchased the bay trotting stallion John T. Russell for $1 800 .... A Texan cattle-dealer recently bought, in the southwestern section of that State, 40,000 head of cattle, and 2,000 horses, for $140,000 in silver, which is less than 3½c. per head. The valuable three-year-old filly May D., by Inquirer, dam Florae, who won many races during the past season, while running at large in pasture last week received an injury to her left hind ankle, which in all probability will incapacitate her for the turf in future. She belongs to Messrs. T. B. & W. R. Davis of Virginia.....

LEYBOURNE, a celebrated English trotter, died on Nov. 6 from internal injuries maliciously inflicted upon him on Oct. 30 or 31. A reward of £300 is offered for information which will lead to the conviction of the offenders

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.—The Louisiana Fall meeting, which commences Dec. 2, closed on Nov. 10 with the following entries: The Slocomb Stakes for two-year-old colts and fillies—$25 entrance, play or pay, with $500 added, $100 to the second and $50 to the third, one mile—has four entries, viz., Minor & Pierson's c. f. Hattie P., Williams & Owings' b. f. Madge Duke, J. W. Guest's b. f. Eva Shirley, and J. W. Greer's b. f. Cora Linn. The Howard Stakes for two-year-old colts and fillies—$25 each, play or pay, with $500 added; $100 to the second, and $50 to the third; winner of the Slocomb Stakes to carry 7lb extra; one mile—has the same four fillies entered that are engaged in the Holcomb Stakes. The Orleans Stakes for three-year-old colts and fillies—$25 each, play or pay, with $500 added, $100 to second, and $25 to third, two miles—has five entries, viz., W. Cottrill's c. c. Donaugh and his b. c. Mediator, A. Keene Richards' c. f. Clemmie G. and his b. c. Henry Owens, and G. B. Morris' c. c. Uncle Tom. It will be seen that there is a great falling-off in the number of entries as compared with previous years, which may be attributable to the fact that no Northern and but few Western stables will be present.

AT MYSTIC PARK, Boston, Mass., a trotting match for $500 a side, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between the well-known mare Mira Bell and Belle Smith, came off on Friday, Nov. 24. It had originally been fixed to take place on the previous Monday, but, a good day and track being stipulated for in the conditions of the match, it was postponed until the weather was more favorable. Belle Smith was driven by J. Golden, and Mira Bell by J. J. Bowen. The first heat was won by Belle Smith by a neck in 2:33¼, and she also won the second heat by half a length in 2:29. The third heat and race was won by Belle Smith in a common jog in 2:32. Mira Bell broke repeatedly during the heat, and losing a great deal of ground by so doing.

THE CALIFORNIA OAKS.—The race for the California Oaks, four miles and repeat, for a purse of $15,000, for mares and fillies exclusively, is definitely fixed to come off on Dec. 9, over the Bay District Course, San Francisco. The following entries have been made: Mattie A., Josie C., Emma Skaggs, Solo Lodi, Ballinette and Mollie McCarthy.

BILLIARDS.

THE WEEK'S RECORD.

Sixteen of the progressing series of games at Tammany Hall, this city, were disposed of last week, leaving five unplayed, in addition to those that must follow in adjudication of ties that cannot be avoided. There are seven participants, viz., Albert Garnier, Joseph and Cyrille Dion, Maurice Daly, A. P. Rudolphe, Jacob Schafer, and George F. Slosson. Proceedings began on the night of Nov. 20 with that stereotyped game between the Dion brothers, which seems as unavoidable under modern management as it is certainly unprofitable to a billiard tournament under any kind of management. On the following night Jacob Schafer made his first public appearance in this city, and Maurice Daly can testify that Schafer's metropolitan debut was an unqualified success. His remaining games were that with Cyrille Dion, were failures, especially that with Slosson, in which the run of joint inaction ate away no fewer than forty-nine innings. Schafer's debut is the only feature thus far that we care to emphasize, apart from the fact that 2 5-16th. balls, used for the first time in a tournament in nearly six years, were seen in public in this city for the first time in upwards of eleven years. Comment on the manner in which the sixteen games already reached have been disposed of may safely be remitted to the proverbial impartiality of the chronic pool-buyer, who, as he purchases both ways whenever a pool opportunity offers, can at least be acquitted of any practical prejudice. The judgment of the occasional pool-buyer, upon whom the chronic one has to thrive, if at all, is perhaps neither temperate nor logical, and may therefore be dismissed as undesirable.

The "general results" of the sixteen games were reached in this order and in this way: Averaging 10.20-28, Joseph Dion beat his brother by a score of 300 to 140, the game having four more innings than there were points in Cyrille's best run; Rudolphe, with an average of 10.10-29, beat Slosson by 3 points; Slosson was next beaten by 16 by Garnier (averaging 16.12-18), who, though when he had last waltzed about that table was unable to run 78 with 2¾ balls in a game of 600, now ran 181, with balls one-sixteenth of an inch smaller. In a game of 1,000, Schafer defeated Daly by 83 on an average of 12½, and in turn was beaten 185 by J. Dion, who averaged 17.11-17; Daly's majority over Garnier was 114, while his average was 10; Rudolphe, averaging 13.14-22, led C. Dion at the close by 178; Daly beat J. Dion by 67 on an average of 11.14-26; C. Dion beat Garnier by 62, averaging 10; Slosson, averaging 6.6-49, overscored Schafer by 46, and followed up this victory by beating Daly by 25 on an average of 7.34-38; Garnier, as he always does in a short game, while invariably failing to do it in a long one, beat Rudolphe, having to average but 7.20-40 to do it, and his majority being 83; Schafer, averaging 8.12-36, beat C. Dion by 131. Schafer; whose best run was 24 (three fewer than the number of innings), was now beaten 148 by Rudolphe, who averaged 11.3-27; Joseph Dion's majority and average against Garnier were 91 and 7.10-41; and Slosson's against C. Dion were 13 and 14.6-21. This game, which closed the week's proceedings, was a Fourth-of-July for the unprejudiced pool-buyer. Dion had started off with a run of 21, and pools were plentiful at $30 to $7 and $8, and $75 to $25. Dion afterwards ran 6, 58, 74, 10, 6, 9, 10, which, with the 1 and 113 in the first and second innings, made a total of 287 in nine innings. He had twelve additional innings, wherein he might have scored the 13 needed to make the "long-enders" happy: but, unluckily for all but the "shorteenders," those twelve innings showed twelve 0's, while Slosson's entire score showed but four ciphers. There was but one safety-shot, and that Dion played. The best runs thus far are: Garnier, 181; Schafer, 155; C. Dion, 136; Rudolphe, 134; Daly, 123; Slosson, 122; J. Dion, 99.

As to the remaining games, Schafer and Garnier have to play with each other only; C. Dion has to encounter no one but Daly, who in addition has to play but Rudolphe, who in turn has a second antagonist in J. Dion, which last-mentioned player has likewise to participate in the only game requiring the presence of both Dions. The first prize is within reach of J. Dion, Rudolphe, Slosson and Daly, Garnier, Schafer and Cyrille Dion are so far out of the race that only the two former have a chance for so good a place as fourth. As Daly, although he has won but two games, has to play but one of the leaders, his chance is about as fair as that of Slosson, who has also to play but one of them; and as Rudolphe and J. Dion have to play two of the leaders, the prospect of either is not appreciably better than that of Slosson, who has the slight contingent advantage over Daly in having to encounter but J. Dion, who "lets down" towards the finish, whereas Daly has to cross cues with the steadier Rudolphe, besides engaging Cyrille Dion, whose monetary interest, since he will undoubtedly be the non-favorite in the betting, will spur HEN on to play his best to foremost in order to defeat Daly, and thus make his brother sure of at least third prize. Really, probabilities are worthless, for the reason that there is likely to be compromise as to the odd prize—a billiard table for the best "grand-average." Daly is going to play with three alone, Garnier and Schafer have shut out from all interest in this odd and unwise prize. There remain, however, at this writing, five players who, having it in their power to either reduce or magnify an antagonist's "grand-average," can claim stock in the table. With the close of the proceedings of last week, the leading "grand-averages" were 10.23-111, 9.48-116 and 9.10-123 for J. Dion, Daly and Rudolphe respectively. One game apiece will suffice to change all this.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Tim Flynn, who is staunch in his friendships, last week offered to back young Schafer to play any of his recent competitors in a game of 800 points, for $1,000. Schafer is still with Flynn & Marrin, as also is his brother.....Competitors are in search of both O'Connor and Maurice Daly that they contemplate matrimony .....Joseph O'Connor is in Guelph, Canada. .....Charles Lacoume is now managing both the room at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and that at the Battle House, Mobile, Ala.....Thomas J. Gallagher will is a challenge as to the championship of Ohio, and also regards himself as the proper claimant of the championship of the Northwest and Southwest, which Shaw and Burleigh have between them involved in a sort of inconspicuous haze.....Just some time been in progress at the Union-square Rooms, this city.....Readers at a distance who are guessing at the chief result of the professional "tournament" now in progress in this city may find consolation for their errors of judgment in the reflection that for "best grand-average" there is a prize which has at least a nominal value almost equal to that of the main prize. The bird, when in hand, will be worth $600; but if the bird is not clearly in hand, there remain the second prize of $400 in cash and a table not worth far from $300. Even if the actual difference is but $150, the temptation to swap an uncertainty for a certainty is so great that it would require the accumulated first-class billiard probity of the country to resist it. All the first-class billiard probity of the country is, fortunately, centred in this city, and the temptation will be spurned—by a large majority.....Jeremiah Daly is recovering from an illness that at one time threatened serious consequences.....Michael Geary, joint proprietor of the Colisseum Billiard-room, Washington, D. C., was in town a few days ago.....Whoever fails to sit an hour or so in the beer-saloon opposite Tammany Hall, and observe who are buying pools in the "tournament" and just when they are buying them, will have lived a lifetime without learning anything. The velocity with which special messengers are shot out of Tammany Hall and into that impromptu pool-room is equaled only by the vast number of times the doors turn upon their hinges in the course of an hour.....Harry Smith, chief of ball-pool at Flynn & Marrin's, is again at his post, after having been one of the Centennial pilgrims.....Muller's new room at 187 Bowery, which was opened a few nights ago, seems to be thriving. There was a billiard-room there twenty years ago, kept by one of the strongest hazard (pocket) players in this country. He subsequently blew the top of his head off. But not there.....James H. Davis has returned to Pittsburg from Philadelphia.....The prize for fifteen-ball pool at the Palace Billiard-room, Forty-second street, this city, was won by Wallace Montague, who pocketed thirteen balls from the "string."....Ralph Benjamin is again in harness in this city, the traces being those of ball-pool.....Mathew Denis, equally a veteran, occasionally looks in at a "tournament" game, but with an interest visibly diminished from that of yore.....The premises until recently occupied by John Morrissey as a pool-room have been fitted up by Maurice Daly with billiard-tables, and will be formally opened in a few days.....It is the present intention of their proprietors to next March divert two down-town billiard-rooms into pool-marts, neither pin nor ball.....William Sexton, now in New Orleans, played an exhibition game on Nov. 16 with John Miller at Col. Walker's Crescent Hall Billiard-room, in that city. Averaging 15.20-32, with a run of 111, Sexton gave the odds of 200 in 500, and won by 141.....The trustees of Princeton College, N. J., have ordered the removal of the billiard-table from that institution. President McCosh, who has long been an advocate of the game, protests against such removal.....Decker & Co. are removing from Canal street to 736 Broadway.....There is a project afoot as to a tournament limited to young players, and in which every section of the country will be represented. There is much to be said in favor of this, as contrasted with the ruling system of exclusiveness; but the present is no time for any kind of a billiard tournament.....A Philadelphia gentleman has purchased the Collender bamboo table that was on exhibition at the Centennial.....Thomas Doyle is manager of the newly furnished room of the St. George Hotel, Philadelphia.....John Hill and Adolph Egener have been matched to play the three-ball game, 300 points up, to ;100, in Toronto, Canada, in which city a tournament at that game was to have begun on Nov. 27.....Chester, Pa., has a new room.

THE RING.

ALLEN, GOSS AND OTHERS INDICTED.—We learn from a dispatch from Cincinnati, O., dated Nov. 24, that the Grand Jury of the Criminal Court of Kenton County, Ky., have reported indictments against Tom Allen and Joe Goss for prize-fighting; also against James Cusick, Alfred Edwards, Theobaud Bauer, Barney Aaron, and Eph Holland for assisting at a prize-fight; also against John Dwyer, Thos. Kelly and John Ryan for acting as seconds to Goss and Allen. The jury has not concluded its labors yet, and will probably indict a considerable number of witnesses to the little diversion of last September. With the exception of Eph Holland, Alfred Edwards and John Ryan, who live in Cincinnati, the Sheriff will find it difficult to serve a capias on the indicted. Allen having been under arrest and having given bail, has bail was declared forfeited and suit ordered to be brought against his bondsmen. A capias was ordered to be issued for him. Bench warrants were issued for all who were indicted. The bail of the principals is fixed at $3,000, and of the others at $1,000 each. Allen, it is said, has gone to Australia.

PISTOL PRACTICK which disturbed the usual quiet of the Sabbath morning brought about a descent upon Owney Geoghegan's saloon, 103 Bowery, Nov. 26, and the arrest of those found therein, numbering thirteen in all. They were locked up over night, and on the morning of the 27th were arraigned in the Essex Market Police Court. The proprietor furnished bail in $2,000 and the others were committed for ten days in default of $300 bail each.

PATSY HOGAN proposes to give the denizens of Babylon, L. I., an opportunity to enjoy a little fistic sport on Saturday evening, Dec. 2, and to that end has secured Budgett's Hall for that date. He will, with the assistance of a number of the right sort from the metropolis, give a sparring and wrestling entertainment, and in the wind-up will have Johnny Saunders for an antagonist.

JACK TURNER is announced to take a benefit at the Art Union, 103 Bowery, on this (Tuesday) evening, Nov. 28. He will wind-up with Jim Kerrigan.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Wm. Edwards, Mrs. J. Goss, Johnny Aaron, and James Mace (due 18c.)

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLEMEN AT CREEDMOOR.—Saturday, Nov. 25, was the closing match day of the year at Creedmoor, and the weather being pleasant, a number of marksmen were on hand to participate in the competitions fixed for decision. The more important of these was the 1,000 yards contest between members of the Amateur Rifle Club, thirty shots each, for the bronze medal offered by the National Association, and the sixteen contestants only ten were able to complete their scores, owing to the lateness of the hour when the shooting commenced. These scores were as follows: E. H. Madison, 136, out of a possible 150; L. L. Allen, E. B. Fewell, 130 each; W. Hayes, 125; Dr. Raymond, 123; H. Fisher, 118; W. W. Yale, 117; J. P. Waters, 116; L. M. Ballard, 108; C. E. Huntington, 75. Members of the Seventh Regiment Rifle Club and of the Ninth Company (same regiment) Club also shot for similar medals, at 200 and 500 yards. Le Boutellier winning the former by a score of 59 out of a possible 70, and George Morse the latter on a score of 52. Le Boutellier also won the marksman's badge, scoring 42 out of 50, at 200 and 500 yards. Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the marksmen on account of the bad management of the various contests.

THE LOMBARD CUP was shot for by eight members of the Burlington (Vt.) Rifle Club, Nov. 23, each contestant firing ten shots at 500 yards, and H. G. Boardman winning by a score of 48. A. B. Ashley was second, with 46.

MCCLELLAN and DE NOIELLE are to engage in a bicycle contest, distance twenty miles, at the American Institute building, this city, Wednesday evening, Nov. 29.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Continued from page 287.

ed at the junction of Walker street and West Derby road, the front elevation facing the latter, and constructed of red pressed brick, relieved by ornamental dressings of classic design. The seats are all arranged so as to give a free and uninterrupted view of the arena, and are divided into five private boxes, 500 reserved stalls, 600 stalls in the pastures, 2,000 in the pit and balconies, 1,600 in the gallery, thus having accommodations for 4,500. This is much the largest building ever erected in the United Kingdom for equestrian entertainments.

HUTCHINSON & PAYLETTE'S Circus opened their new building, which had been in course of erection for the past six months at Cardiff, Wales, Nov. 6.

CIRCUSES.

THE NEW BUILDING erected at Leeds, Eng., for Adams' Circus, was opened a few days ago. The building is 122 feet long by 84 feet wide, and will, it is stated, accommodate five thousand people.

"WATERLOO," a spectacular drama written by Mr. Akhurst, has been produced at Sanger's Amphitheatre, London. The auxiliary force is very large.

LOSSES OF JEWELS.

Some strange stories could be told of the losses of jewels and other valuable articles that have been recovered in a remarkable manner, or have altogether disappeared. We may relate a few incidents of this kind for the amusement of our readers.

During the Indian Mutiny, and after the destruction of some of the rich palaces and temples, the soldiers picked up many valuable articles, useless to themselves, and which they frequently threw away again, as troublesome to carry; or gladly sold to anyone who would give them a few rupees in exchange. Among these acquisitions was a large, very roughly-cut diamond, which had been one of the eyes of a gorgeously-painted idol, enshrined in one of the temples that had been destroyed. A soldier picked it out of the pocket, and, seeing it was rough, dull-looking stone, he thought very little of it, and was just going to throw it away, when an officer who stood by offered him two or three rupees for it. *He* also put but small store by his purchase of the lustreless stone; and it was only from its position as the eye of an idol that he judged it might possibly be of greater value than seemed likely from its outward appearance. Some time afterwards he showed it to a native jeweler, who offered to buy it from him at a considerable increase on the price he had given for it; but he was going to Europe, and thought it wiser to take the stone with him, and have it properly cut by a first-class lapidary. This was done, and a very fine stone resulted, which the jeweler, at the most moderate calculation, valued at five hundred pounds. The officer had it set in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely; but one day, chancing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and, looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop, but in vain. With the loss of the jewel, so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter at his club; and told the club-master to post up a notice offering ten pounds reward to anyone who should find the dismond. A day or two afterwards the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the housemaids in a darkish passage that led to the billiard-room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweler's, to be once more firmly replaced in the ring.

Again some years passed. The officer had been back to India on furlough to this country, and had gone to Scotland to shoot with friends who had taken a moor in the Highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours trampling over miles and miles of close hether, grouse-shooting. He was still walking, when a covey of birds rose a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, the birds got away; and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood, with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. Nothing was to be seen of it; and when he recollected the many miles he had traversed that day, and the nature of the ground he had been on, he abandoned all idea of ever again recovering his diamond. He stopped for the gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: "I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!" He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and—the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading, and, but for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark its absence from the ring, it would have been fired away the next moment. Possibly it might have hit a bird, gone back in the same bag, and caused as much amusement to the cook, or to the individual who found it between his teeth, as did the diamond in the Eastern tale to the fisherman and his family who discovered it in the entrails of the fish. Another visit to the jeweler, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, which was encamped near a large station, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, the troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting, and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to say that the general wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, hurried off, and was shortly after started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time, and when he returned to his own tent he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected; but it was gone! A thief had been there during his absence, had quickly appropriated the stone, and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration.

Another curious loss and recovery of a ring was as follows. A young lady engaged to be married had received many beautiful gifts from her betrothed, one of them being a valuable sapphire ring. She had been out walking with him one afternoon, and, on her return home, she observed a parcel of new music that had just arrived for her. Sitting down to the piano, she played over several of the pieces, chatting occasionally as she did so with her mother and sisters, who were at work in the drawing-room. Soon afterwards they all went upstairs to dress for dinner, and, owing to the time that had been spent over the new music, were rather hurried in their movements. It was close on the dinner-hour. The bell sounded almost before the young lady was ready; and, hastily finishing her toilet, she ran down to join the circle in the drawing-room. Proceeding to the dining-room, she found that she had neglected to put on her rings, and, calling one of the servant-girls, she desired them to tell her maid that she would find them lying on the wash-stand, as she had laid them there before washing her hands. The man quitted the room, and returned in a few minutes, carrying the rings on a small salver. The young lady took them up, glanced at them, and said:

"There ought to be one more—my sapphire ring. Please go back to Smith, and ask her to look for it."

He went, was absent rather longer this time, and on his return informed his young mistress that no other ring was to be seen.

"Oh, it must be there," said the young lady. "I laid them all down together. However, I'll go and look myself after dinner."

She did so, and her sisters with her; but no sapphire ring rewarded their search; and the young lady became very much distressed, not only on account of the value of her ring, but because it was a present from her lover, and a family jewel very much prized by him.

"The ring *was* there, and must be found," she said very decidedly; and once more they all prosecuted a totally unavailing search.

Matters began to look serious. The young lady's mother appeared on the scene, and looked and spoke very gravely upon the subject. The lady's-maid's character was unimpeachable; she had been more than ten years in the family, and was a thoroughly trusted servant. She declared solemnly that, on receiving the message, she went at once to the wash-stand and found four rings lying on it; the sapphire ring was not there, for she knew its appearance perfectly. She did not think of looking more particularly for it, as the rings were all close together, and she handed the four she saw to the man-servant.

Then came a very unpleasant surmise: had any one else been in the room? Inquiry elicited the fact that a young girl, who had recently come as under-housemaid, had entered the room very soon after the young lady had gone down to dinner. Suspicion pointed disagreeably towards her as the only person who could possibly have taken the ring; and yet the whole family felt very much averse to charging her with the theft. She was a pretty and very respectable-looking girl; but she had only been a week or two in the house, and nothing was known as to her antecedents beyond the circumstance of her having been well recommended by her previous mistress. The mother of the family took the girl aside privately, and told her that they feared she had been tempted to steal the jewel; urging her, if she had done so, to confess the fault and restore the ring immediately, and her fault would be overlooked. In an agony of grief and indignation, the girl warmly protested her innocence, begging that a detective might be sent for directly to examine her boxes—a request in which all the others concurred.

An officer was fetched and a narrow inspection made, but nothing could be seen of the missing ring. Suspicion still remained attached to the unfortunate young housemaid, who, it was concluded, might have found means skillfully to conceal the ring; there was no proof against her, but the cold looks of the other servants were more than she could endure; so she threw up her situation and went home with a tarnished name and a breaking heart.

Several days passed away, and the young lady was sadly distressed for the loss of her ring, and vowed over and over again that she would never again leave her jewels exposed in such a careless manner; she was now, also, much vexed about the poor young housemaid, and blamed herself for having treated her so harshly. In her own heart she had that she had not been out of doors since the day of the unfortunate occurrence, the weather having been cold and wet, and her occupations detaining her a good deal at home; but a bright, pleasant morning appeared, and she arranged to go out after breakfast with one of her sisters. The maid took out her walking-clothes; and the fair fiancee donned her bonnet and sealskin jacket, and then took up her muff, which had been laid on the toilet-table beside her. She drew out her hand again directly, and with it a pair of kid gloves, and she was just about to put them down one of them fell rather heavily on the table.

"What's that?" she exclaimed. Taking up the glove, she felt a small, hard object inside one of the fingers. A deep, burning flush dyed cheek and brow, and instantly succeeded by a deathly paleness. Sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and gasped faintly: "O Smith, Smith! I shall never forgive myself! That poor, innocent girl! She never took my ring. It is there!" And so it was; caught in the finger of the kid-glove, which the young lady had carelessly drawn off on her return from her walk, and placed in her muff when she went to the piano, where it had remained untouched ever since.

Pleased as she was at the recovery of her valuable trinket, her satisfaction was much alloyed by the remembrance of the painful circumstances connected with it, especially the mental suffering of the poor maid-servant who had been so unjustly suspected of having stolen the ring. She and her mother started directly for the house of the girl's widowed mother, and were grieved beyond measure to learn that the poor creature had been so overcome by distress of mind that very serious illness had resulted, and the doctor considered her symptoms very unfavorable. The good news brought by her late mistress had, fortunately, a beneficial effect, the combination with the greatest kindness and attention that could possibly be bestowed on her, and ere many weeks were passed she was perfectly restored to health. The young lady's marriage took place, and in her new home a comfortable place was found for the girl, whose happiness was still further increased by the appointment of her mother as gatekeeper at the pretty lodge belonging to Hartfield Hall. And so the matter ended to the satisfaction of everyone concerned; but it might have been far otherwise, and people should be careful how they make an accusation which they have no means of proving, lest they bring life-long misery upon the accused, and perhaps repentance when too late upon themselves.

A gentleman was one day working in his garden. A fine, sunny day, singer, set with a single diamond of great price. Suddenly he missed the stone from its place, and began to examine the ground very carefully, in hopes of seeing it sparkling at his feet. He had been pruning and grafting fruit-trees, and the ground was covered with the sprouts he had cut off, so he knew that somewhere within a radius of a few yards the stone must be lying; but, though a minute search was made and continued for several days, and the earth carefully sifted, no diamond could be found.

The gentleman had almost forgotten the circumstance of his loss, when one morning, a long time afterwards, he was strolling, cigar in mouth, through the walks of his garden. As he passed a particular spot, he observed that something glittered brightly among the leaves of a pear-tree on the wall. As this occurred each time that he passed, his curiosity was aroused, and he stepped across the border to examine into the cause of attraction. There, on the close, was the missing ring, and, picking at the spot with his finger, he extracted a small shining object. It was his lost diamond! In a moment the whole circumstances flashed into his mind, and he remembered that he had grafted several cuttings one day, into one of which the stone had fallen, and had been held there by the tenacious clay until this morning, when heavy rain having dislodged some particles of its covering, the sun's rays had glanced upon the diamond, and betrayed its hiding-place very luckily to its rightful owner.

At the time of the robbery of the Countess of Dudley's jewel-box at a railway station, a good deal of disapproval was expressed, and we think not without cause, at a reward being offered for their restoration, with the promise "No questions asked." Apropos of this, it is undoubtedly wrong to come to any compromise of that kind with thieves, as it is only offering an additional inducement to dishonesty by rendering its commission comparatively safe. We remember, however, an occurrence that took place many years ago, when a similar inducement was held out to the thieves, unsuccessfully as it fell out, but without producing any disappearing comments.

The circumstance to which we allude happened in Edinburgh to the wife of a physician of eminence at that time. She and her husband went out to dinner at a house situated in one of the "Terraces," a rather remote part of the city, where at all hours the traffic was small, and at the hour of a fashionable dinner-party very few persons indeed were likely to be passing. Moreover, it was broad daylight, or very nearly so, and they were driven to the house in their own carriage by a coachman who had been in the doctor's service for very many years. The lady wore a handsome white-lace shawl; it had been her wedding-veil, and she prized it for that circumstance, as well as for its intrinsic value. To prevent it from getting crushed, it was her habit to put it on the top of her warmer wraps, and, on reaching the house where she was going to dine, it was properly adjusted by the waiting-maid. On this particular occasion she quitted the carriage, and walked along the passage to a bedroom on the same floor, where a maid was in waiting to assist her in removing her outer covering.

"Please take the lace-shawl off very carefully," said the lady.

"Lace-shawl, ma'am?" replied the maid doubtfully. "I don't see it, ma'am."

"Yes, the white lace-shawl," said the lady; then, as she stood in front of the mirror, she saw no shawl was there. "Oh, how stupid! I must have dropped it in the lobby. Look there, if you please."

The maid did so instantly. No shawl was to be seen. She went to the front door and looked out. No shawl on the pavement, no person in sight; only the carriage at a considerable distance, too far off for the coachman to hear, had they even called after him.

"Oh, never mind," said the lady; "it can't be helped now. It must have slipped down on the floor of the carriage, and the coachman will find it when he gets home." And she and her husband joined the party in the drawing-room, and gave themselves no further concern, for the time, about the shawl.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The coachman never found the shawl; it had not been left in the carriage, so far as he was aware; but not knowing of any special necessity for examining the interior of the vehicle, he had not done so before again bringing it at night to take home his master and mistress. Nothing, therefore, was heard of the shawl; and a notice of the loss was inserted in the newspapers, with a reward of ten pounds to whomsoever should restore it.

Some weeks passed, but no finder appeared. It seemed certain that the shawl had been stolen; and as the lady was very anxious to regain possession of it, a fresh notice was put into the papers: "Fifteen pounds reward, and no questions asked." A tolerably strong inducement to the thief, if such there were, to give back what must have been a very useless acquisition to him; and yet this advertisement met with no greater success than the other.

Weeks rolled on, and changed into months, and eventually years; the lady never more set eyes on her wedding-veil, and finally abandoned all expectation of ever again recovering it; and she never has. Now, what became of that shawl?

PRODUCTION OF AMBER.—The little fishing-village of Schwarzort, situated on the shores of the Baltic between Memel and Dantzic, about two leagues to the south of the former place, has within the last three years acquired a certain importance owing to the discovery of a large bed of amber. This bed is situated near Cape Korning, and is believed to be extensive. Four steam-dredgers are employed for the collection

THE MAN OF MANY WANTS.

An Old Poem Resurrected.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
And canvas-backs, and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide,
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs, for Winter's frost,
And silks for Summer's fire,
And cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife—
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want, alas!—can mortal dare
Seek bliss on earth to crave?—
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see,
And that my friendship proves as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and peace—
The ensigns of command—
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But, from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind.
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man—
All these I want and more,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want—absorbing all—
Is when, beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The Mercy of my God.

Washington, Aug. 31, 1841.

THANKSGIVING AT MRS. DREGGS'.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Tommy Beales to possess a bad memory. He could forget more unpleasant things in less time than any man I ever knew. If he was forced to go without his breakfast, he solaced himself with the anticipation of dinner; and, if dinner was not forthcoming, he could forget that he was hungry and go to bed perfectly content. In his own peculiar way, therefore, Mr. Tommy Beales was a philosopher. You would not have judged so from his writings, perhaps; but it was apparent to anyone who knew him intimately that, without a philosophic mind, he could not have enjoyed life with such keen relish in the midst of such distressing circumstances. And it may be truthfully said that circumstances with Mr. Tommy Beales were always of a distressing nature. Yet he faithfully followed out at least one Scriptural injunction, for he never took thought for the morrow. Had he done so, it would have left him very little leisure for taking thought of anything else. The future to him was always such an intricate snarl, that he preferred to let it unravel itself; and, however trying his yesterday may have been, or however ominous looked the morrow, Mr. Tommy Beales' to-day was always a sunny period, in which he neither anticipated nor remembered trouble.

With this insight into his character, it will surprise nobody to learn that on a certain Thanksgiving Day, not many years ago, Mr. Tommy Beales sauntered forth from his lodging-house, on Bond street, with a smiling face and a heart ready to beat in sympathy with all mankind. Yet he had very little to be thankful for, were the truth known. His prospect of breakfast was not cheering, for a most thorough search through all his pockets had revealed the fact that seventeen cents made up the sum-total of his available funds. No vision of roast-turkey filled his mind; or, if they did, the chances were that they would remain visions only, and fail to manifest for poor Tommy's benefit. Yet he walked along in the sunshine of the bright November day, with an expression of perfect serenity upon his pleasant face, and a heart as light as the coat which he wore, and for which he had forgotten, as yet, to pay. This cheerfulness was the direct result of Mr. Tommy Beales' philosophy. Had he chosen to call to mind the disagreeable occurrences of the day before, more particularly the spirited conversation which he had held with his landlady respecting the immediate settlement of his landladyness and the solemn promise which he had given to pay the full amount on Saturday, "positively on Saturday, Mrs. Davies;" or if he had turned his thoughts to the claim held against him by Mr. Spitzer the tailor, whose patience had outworn the wait of clothes he had sold Mr. Beales, but who had finally invoked the law to aid him in obtaining his just dues, and had declined, with considerable indignation, Tommy's offer to take back the garments in part payment of the original bill; or if he had recalled his pledge to the publishers of *The Weekly Panorama* to furnish the concluding chapters of "Lovely Louise, or the Stylph with the Demon Heart," by Friday noon, without fail, and the fact that it was now Thursday morning, and the lovely Louise had not progressed one line since she was left, the preceding week, in a position of imminent danger—if, I repeat, Mr. Tommy Beales had chosen to think of any of these unpleasant facts, the smile would have faded from his face, and the buoyancy of his spirits would have departed. The fact that he did not choose to think of them—that he could banish them utterly from his mind—affords an excellent illustration of the beneficial character of his philosophy.

Tommy walked along Bond street on that Thanksgiving morning until he reached Broadway. Just as he turned the corner, a familiar voice accosted him with the words:

"Hello, Tommy. Where you bound?"

Tommy recognized the voice at once as belonging to his esteemed friend Mr. Joseph A. Pemberton, whose name appeared on the bills of the Unique Varieties as J. Abington Pemberton, but who was familiarly addressed as Joe. Mr. Pemberton was what is known as a versatile artist, and he could do anything in the line of his profession, from heavy tragedy down to the most general sort of general utility. He was an actor who had seen better days—who never tired of telling how he once played Joseph to Forrest's Richelieu, and how the keepers of that memorable performance were evenly divided between "Ned and myself," as Mr. Pemberton put it. "The times have changed since then," Joe would say with a melancholy shake of the head. "The stage isn't what it was in those good old days; the profession itself has degenerated. Many of its brightest lights have gone out forever, and those which have come up of late years are, to those that are quenched, as the moon is to the sun!" It is to be confessed that, for one of the brightest lights which had not yet been quenched, Mr. Pemberton did not illuminate the theatric world to that degree which the brilliancy of his genius would naturally have led his friends to expect. He was forced, by the current of circumstances, to accept a very humble but a very useful position at the Unique Varieties; and there, for the paltry compensation of twenty dollars a week, he made his nightly appearance in characters farcical, tragic and grotesque. It was a degradation in his own eyes, but he accepted the situation with the best grace possible, and lived upon the memory of the triumphs which he had achieved in other days.

"Where you bound?" repeated Mr. Pemberton as he came alongside of our friend Tommy. "Trying to get up an appetite for your breakfast?"

"Well, no," answered Tommy with characteristic candor. "I was trying to get up a breakfast for my appetite."

"You don't mean to tell me, Tommy—you don't really mean to tell me that you are busted again!" and Mr. Pemberton regarded his friend with a look of profound amazement.

"Busted again!" repeated Tommy in the cheeriest tone imaginable. "Oh, no, Joe, not again; this is a continuation of the same old bust!"

"But what has become of that ten dollars which you got for those verses on Tuesday?"

"Let me see," answered Tommy, assuming a reflective air. "I broke that bill for a plate of soup—that was fifteen cents. Then I bought a collar, that was twenty cents; and this cravat, which was forty cents—fifteen and twenty are thirty-five, and forty is seventy-five. Then I paid Gammel one dollar on account—that's a dollar and seventy-five—and lent Pollock eighty cents ——"

"Gave it to him, you mean," interrupted Mr. Pemberton. "Rational beings don't lend money to Pollock."

"Well, gave it to him, then," assented Tommy. "Eighty and a dollar and seventy-five are two dollars and fifty-five—two dollars and a fifty-two and thirty, which I spent for dinner yesterday, is two dollars and eighty-five; and I've got seventeen cents left, which accounts for three dollars and two cents. What the deuce became of that other six dollars and ninety-eight cents, I'm blowed if I know!"

"Thomas," said Mr. Pemberton, with impressive solemnity, "you can never hope to prosper in this world while you permit your financial affairs to remain in such a loose and shiftless condition. Here, according to your own showing, you have got rid of ten dollars in less than two days, and the greater part of it you can't account for at all. You ought to have lived comfortably for a week on that sum; and you could if you would shut off entirely on all intoxicating beverages. That is where you waste your money; that is what keeps you in this chronic state of impecuniosity. You've got seventeen cents left, you say?"

"Just seventeen," answered Tommy.

"Very good. I've got three. Let's go down to Gammel's and get something."

As an impartial chronicler of facts, I am obliged to say that the proposition was readily agreed to by Tommy, and half an hour later the two friends were seated at one of the round, wooden tables in Gammel's, where wit was wont to flow as freely as the beer.

"Where do you expect to dine?" asked Mr. Pemberton as he popped on the table for a fresh supply of the mildly exhilarating beverage. "This is Thanksgiving, you know—a day set apart for the express purpose of eating."

"I am aware of that fact," answered Tommy; "and from present indications I don't think that I shall observe the day—not in the orthodox manner, at any rate."

"Suppose you come up to my boarding-house," suggested Mr. Pemberton. "It is plain, to be sure, and with crumpets not to say that the table is not usually sumptuous; but there is a rumor to the effect that we are to have oysters and roast-turkey to-day."

"I am particularly fond of oysters and roast-turkey," remarked Tommy.

"All right. We will consider it settled, then," said Joe, as he drained his mug of beer. "We have an extra matinee to-day, and I'm in the concluding farce. I will meet you here at five o'clock. Dinner at half-past five, precisely."

It does not concern us to know how Mr. Tommy Beales passed the day up to the appointed hour of meeting with his friend. Both were on hand promptly, and set forth together for the unpretentious abode of Mr. J. Abington Pemberton.

Mr. Pemberton's landlady, Mrs. Dreggs, was a woman whose faith in humanity had been put to many and severe tests. She had made three matrimonial ventures, and they had proved uniformly unfortunate. Her first husband had died with no insurance upon his life; her second had abandoned her, taking with him the silver spoons and the sugar-bowl; while for the third, he turned out worse than either of his predecessors, for he neither died nor ran away, but clung to his wife for support. Mrs. Dreggs had kept boarders for many years—first as Miss Buttrick, which was her maiden name, then as Mrs. Hines, then as Mrs. McPherson, and finally as Mrs. Dreggs.

"All that that man ever give me," the good woman was wont to say, referring to her latest husband, "is a name. And a very proper kind of a name it is for such an individual as him. I thought I had tasted the full cup of misery before, but I find the Dreggs was reserved till now."

This little play upon words had been repeated over so many times during the four years of their wedded life that Mr. Dreggs never thought of taking offense when he heard it. Sometimes, indeed, he repeated the words himself, and laughed as heartily as though they were entirely original. Besides her unfortunate marriages, Mrs. Dreggs had suffered other trials, the chiefest of which was occasioned by unscrupulous boarders, who came and partook of her bounty day after day, and then vanished suddenly without settling their accounts. Cases of this kind had been of such frequent occurrence with Mrs. Dreggs that it is no matter of wonder that she had lost her faith in the integrity of mankind. And yet she sought to do well by her boarders, and to give them as much for their money as she could consistently afford. Born in Connecticut, Mrs. Dreggs still held fast to many of the New England customs, and never permitted Thanksgiving-day to pass without making it materially manifest at her table. The day invariably brought roast turkey with cranberry-sauce; and, if the lady was in a particularly thankful frame of mind, she emphasized the fact with chicken-pie or oysters.

When our friend Tommy and Mr. J. Abington Pemberton had reached the latter's room—which was on the fourth story of Mrs. Dreggs' house, fronting the rear—Tommy said:

"By the way, Joe, what is the name of your landlady?"

"Dreggs," answered Joseph, "and a very estimable lady she is, although she's weak on pies."

"And who are the boarders?"

"All professional people, and most of them from the Unique. I'll introduce you when we go down. There's the bell now. Come along, or we'll miss the soup."

Tommy followed his friend down four flights of stairs and into the basement dining-room, where Mrs. Dreggs' boarders were already seated at the table.

"Great Cæsar, Joe!" exclaimed Tommy in a whisper as they entered the room, "there's Mrs. McPherson! Why in thunder didn't you tell me she was here?"

But Mr. Pemberton did not catch the drift of Tommy's meaning, and proceeded to introduce his friend with his accustomed elegance and grace.

"Mrs. Dreggs, it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted with my particular friend Mr. Thomas Beales, a gentleman of rare literary abil ——"

"I know the gentleman very well," interrupted Mrs. Dreggs. "Very well *indeed*. We are old acquaintances, Mr. Beales and me!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Pemberton in honest surprise.

"Yes," said Tommy with rather of an unsuccessful effort at a smile. "I was once an inmate of Mrs. Dreggs' house—a member of her family, so to speak. She was then Mrs. McPherson, and this meeting is really an unexpected pleasure." Then, in a despairing whisper: "Lord, Joe, I owe her thirty-six dollars!"

"Well, it's all the pleasanter if you are old friends," remarked Mr. Pemberton, without heeding Tommy's explanation. "Miss Jollison, permit me to make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Beales; Tommy, this is Miss Jennie Jollison, the charming serio-comic vocalist, now playing an engagement at the Unique."

The charming serio-comic vocalist, who was cooling a spoonful of soup by blowing upon it, smiled one of her most bewitching smiles, and said she was "delighted." At which Tommy smiled in return, and bowed, and said that he had frequently admired Miss Jollison on the stage—which he had not.

"Miss Lewiston, Mr. Beales," continued Joseph, addressing a young woman with chalky complexion and very big eyes, which had a half-frightened expression about them unpleasant to behold. "Miss Lewiston is the Queen of the Air who has created such a furor at the Unique."

The Queen of the Air bowed, and Tommy returned the salutation.

"Miss Henderson, the Champion Female Jig-dancer of the world," continued Joseph, indicating by a nod of the head a plump and pretty girl who was seated next to Miss Lewiston. "Miss Durelli," he added with another nod, "the most finished artist that ever appeared on a trapeze."

Tommy bowed to each of these ladies, and expressed himself as highly gratified to make the acquaintance of such illustrious and luminous stars. Mr. Pemberton next proceeded to introduce Monsieur Morello, the great cannon-ball thrower; Mr. Vernon, the great comic singer; Mr. Dent and Mr. Derby, the great song-and-dance men; Mr. Durelli, the great trapeze performer—a brother of Miss Durelli; Professor Matsell, the great ventriloquist; and Master Matsell, the great infantile prodigy. And Tommy, having paid his respects to this overwhelming aggregation of greatness, took his seat at the table, with Mr. Vernon on one side, Joseph on the other, and Miss Henderson vis-à-vis.

"That is Dandy's place," said Mrs. Dreggs. "He'll be a-comin' in in a minute."

Tommy put down his napkin in dismay, and gazed with an appealing look at Joseph. There was not a vacant seat at the table. Mr. Pemberton, however, proved himself equal to the emergency.

"Here, Tommy," said he, rising from his chair, "You take my seat, and I will take Dandy's. Then, if he comes, I will give it up to him."

Mrs. Dreggs offering no objection, this arrangement was adopted, and Tommy found himself actually sitting side by side with Mrs. McPherson, whose masculine face had haunted him like a dreaded spectre for nearly five years. It was a very awkward position, even for Mr. Tommy Beales, who had accustomed himself to facing dangers of this kind, and who rarely lost his self-possession even in the presence of his most clamorous creditors. Mr. Pemberton and his guest having been served with soup, the conversation at once became brisk and general.

"That was a good house we had at the matinee," remarked Mr. Vernon, who was reputed to receive an enormous salary—one hundred dollars a night, according to the Unique bills—but whose naturally democratic tastes induced him to patronize the unpretentious abode of Mrs. Dreggs.

"In point of numbers, yes," responded Joseph. "But it was not an appreciative audience. My second exit in the farce failed to elicit an encore, and it certainly deserved one."

"Well, now, I thought it a very appreciative house," returned Mr. Vernon. "Had to sing four times to satisfy 'em."

"Yes," said Monsieur Morello, whose name was also William Morris. "You did sing four times, that's a fact, and put the audience all out of patience waitin' for my act!"

"Did I, now?" rejoined Mr. Vernon, his big, smooth face growing as richly red as his cravat. "I want you to understand, sir, that I am an artist who will accustomed to respond until he's called for. I have appeared, sir, in all the leading theatres ——"

"Mr. Vernon, will you please to pass me the bread and hold your tongue," interrupted Miss Jollison with considerable emphasis. Mr. Vernon immediately passed the bread and subsided.

"She's his wife," whispered Joseph to Tommy by way of explanation.

"Were you at the show this afternoon?" inquired Miss Lewiston, the Queen of the Air, addressing herself to our friend Mr. Beales.

"I was," said Tommy promptly, "and a very superior performance it is. Your own act is capital—capital, Miss Lewiston."

"But I wasn't on this afternoon, you know."

"I know it," added Tommy, not at all disconcerted, "and I was very deeply disappointed because of your non-appearance. But I have often seen and admired you."

"On the wire or rope?" inquired the young lady.

"Both," answered Tommy confidently, but with a very confused idea of what the Queen of the Air was talking about.

"Say," interposed Mr. Durelli, who was employing the interim between his soup and turkey by throwing crackers into the air and catching them in his mouth—a comparatively simple feat, when the relative sizes of the cracker and the mouth were taken into consideration—"say, do you know that Dinky Flyn was a' doin' the barrel bit in San Francisco? You know Dinky, Mary?"

"No, I don't!" said a voice that sounded very much like Miss Durelli's, but which proceeded, in fact, from the upper octaves of Prof. Matsell's ventriloquial key-board.

"Yes, you do know him," persisted Mr. Durelli, throwing up two crackers and catching them both in his expectant mouth. "Dinky Flyn, who played with us last season at the Caledonia—one of his ears chewed off—of course you know him!"

"Well, I didn't say I didn't, did I?" demanded Miss Durelli snappishly.

"Yes, you did say you didn't!" retorted Mr. Durelli, whereupon the company laughed, and Prof Matsell stroked his beard complacently.

"You don't want to be foolin' that way," remarked the artist of the trapeze when he realized the joke at his expense.

"You needn't feel bound to eat up all them crackers, Mr. Durelli!" exclaimed Mrs. Dreggs, who had been watching the gentleman's performance with growing impatience.

Just here the door opened, and Miss Henderson looked up and smiled and said: "Good-evening, Mr. Dreggs." The name sent a cold chill through Tommy.

"Ah, here's Dandy now!" exclaimed Joseph, rising from his seat, with his napkin in one hand and the "drum-stick" of a turkey in the other. "I have to apologize to you, Mr. Spitzer, for occupying your place. I invited my friend here to dinner, and, yours being the only vacant seat, I took the liberty ——"

"Dot is all right—don't mention it," said Mr. Spitzer in the politest of tones, but which fell like a death-sentence upon the ears of Tommy. Could it be possible? Was this some conspiracy on the part of Joe? Tommy was sitting with his back towards the door, and could not, therefore, see the face of this latest arrival—but the name and the voice! He had heard them both, and there was no mistaking the identity of either. It was Spitzer, as sure as fate—Spitzer, the aggrieved and long-suffering tailor, to whom Mr. Tommy Beales had been indebted to the amount of forty-four dollars and fifty cents for upwards of two years.

"Let me make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Beales, Mr. Spitzer," said Joseph, waving the drum-stick towards Tommy.

"Vot, Got, Beales, is dot you?" exclaimed the astonished tailor. "Vell, I vas trying to see you some dime before."

Poor Tommy turned about and made another sorry effort at a smile, and said that he was really glad to meet Mr. Spitzer.

"But you are acquainted, too, are you?" exclaimed the innocent Joseph, taking a bite from his drum-stick. "Upon my honor, Tommy, you seem to know all my friends. Well, here, Mr. Spitzer, you sit down in your seat, and I will take this chair and hold Master Matsell in my lap."

Mr. Spitzer sat down as directed, and if, with his handful of corn-cake and his tailor on the other, Tommy's appetite began to fail him, it is not to be wondered at. There was nothing, to be sure, in Mr Spitzer's appearance to excite alarm, for he was a very mild-looking little man, dressed with such elaborate care that his figure would have served to stand in front of his own shop as a model of the work done inside; but any man, however mild or well-dressed he may be, becomes a thing of dread when viewed in the light of a creditor.

"I vas glad to put mine eyes on you, Bealesy," remarked Mr. Spitzer in an undertone as he crumbled a cracker into his soup. "We'll talk over dose leetle bill pretty soon."

Meantime, the stream of conversation flowed briskly on from all parts of the table. Poor Tommy rattled away at a desperate rate, heaping the most extravagant compliments upon the heads of all the assembled artists, and praising especially the virtues of Mrs. Dreggs and the professional skill of Mr. Spitzer. He appeared to be exceedingly merry, and nobody, not even Joseph, appreciated the actual agony which the poor fellow was suffering. When the plates about the table had been relieved of their palatable burdens, and the disjointed skeletons of two turkeys were the sole remnants upon the platter, Mr. Spitzer, to the surprise and delight of his fellow-boarders, produced a large, black bottle containing Holland gin, and proposed to concoct a generous supply of the beverage known as "aling." The proposition met with unanimous favor, and Mr. Pemberton was selected to prepare the cordial. He performed this duty with great relish and skill. The general verdict was that the ating was capital, and I regret to add that the general desire seemed to be to get down as much of it as possible. The effect of this exhilarating drink was to loosen the tongues of Mrs. Dreggs' boarders, and to make everybody sociable and jolly. Even Messrs. Derby and Dent, the great song-and-dance artists, whose greatness did not usually manifest itself in conversational brilliancy, found vent for their overflowing humor in numerous time-honored "gags." The frightened expression went out from Miss Lewiston's eyes, and a crimson flush usurped the chalky whiteness of her cheek. Miss Jollison sang one of her most charming songs, wherein moonbeams, rippling waters, a shaded dell and a heart full of love, played equally prominent parts. Mr. Vernon forgot his passing anger and favored the company with "Brown the Tragedian" and "Paddle Your Own Canoe," and would have offered other selections from his extensive repertory had not Miss Jollison told him to sit down. Monsieur Morello did a very difficult feat of juggery with two of the dinner plates, which Mr. Durelli afterwards attempted, breaking both of the plates. Professor Matsell talked in all sorts of tones at once, and established, beyond all question, his claims to ventriloquial superiority over the world at large. Even Master Matsell was perched upon a chair to exhibit his wonderful talents; and as for Mr. Pemberton—he fairly beamed with happiness and bubbled over with reminiscences of the "good old days" when fame and sling were both within easy reach. When Mr. Spitzer took up the empty black bottle which had contained the gin, and Tommy remarked that "the Dutch had taken Holland now, at all events," there was a perfect storm of applause, and Miss Jollison said:

"Come, Mr. Beales, you must oblige us now!"

And as this sentiment was echoed by the entire company, Tommy felt in duty bound to respond.

"Ladies and gentlemen" said he, rising from his chair, "in the presence of so many of the shining lights of the theatric world, I cannot fail to be conscious of my own insignificance and—and conspicuous inferiority. I cannot sing so you as the gifted Miss Jollison here has done—as the great Mr. Vernon has done; nor can I dance as the bewitching Miss Henderson dances; nor can I amuse you with ventriloquism as the distinguished Professor does; nor can I give you an exhibition of dexterity like Monsieur Morello and Mr. Durelli; nor can I convulse you with laughter by witticisms like Messrs. Derby and Dent; nor recall the history of the stage like my friend Mr. Pemberton. I can do none of these things; but, in lieu thereof, I will propose a toast, and here it is."

Tommy raised his glass of sling, and, gazing fondly upon Mrs. Dreggs, repeated the following impromptu lines:

Here's a health to Mrs. Dreggs,
May her shadow never leggs,
And may she find in all her eggs,
Chickens plump and tender;
May sunshine ever light her way,
Her mind may nothing nettle—
And when it comes to Saturday
May all her boarders settle!

In the tumultuous outburst of applause which followed this sally, Tommy nerved himself to put into execution the plan which he had been revolving in his active brain. When the applause had subsided and the toast had been drunk (in which Mrs. Dreggs herself joined), he resumed his address by saying:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I had intended to read to you a little poem of a personal nature—one in which you all figure—and which I wrote this morning after receiving Mr. Pemberton's very gracious invitation to dinner."

"Read it, read it!" shouted a chorus of voices.

"Yes, give us the poetry, now that we've had the poultry," observed Mr. Pemberton.

"I shall be most happy to do so," rejoined Tommy, "but I shall be obliged to run up stairs and get the manuscript. I left it by accident in my overcoat pocket."

"Your overcoat!" exclaimed Joseph in amazement.

"My overcoat!" repeated Tommy, in a tone which immediately opened the eyes of his friend. "I left the vestibule door unlocked. If the company will excuse me, I will step upstairs and get them. It will take but a moment."

And with that, Mr. Tommy Beales stepped upstairs. But he did not search for any verses. He did not even search for an overcoat. He took his hat from the hall-rack and passed quickly out of the front door of Mrs. Dreggs' house—and the shadow of Mr. Tommy Beales has not darkened that threshold since.

THE HEIR OF THE VAUGHANS.

A singularly handsome woman, in spite of her fifty odd years, was Mrs. Major Vaughan. Tall and straight as an arrow, with a smooth, fair face that had a faint dash of healthful color beautifully pronounced cheeks, proud lips, showing a glimmer of perfect teeth, clear, brilliant, steel-gray eyes, and hair like spun silver, the wonder and admiration of all who knew her.

But, then, the Vaughans were a remarkable race—very proud of the little excellences that distinguished them from the common herd, and this beautiful silken hair was one of them. No true Vaughan, they said, was ever born without it, and the haughty lady in question would not have parted with that silvery-spun glory for untold riches.

It was repeated in her handsome son, Cecil, only the silken threads given place to a warm, rich, yellow glow, like sunlight shining on a Southern wall. Very much like his mother looked this well-favored Cecil, only handsomer, brighter and younger, as was befitting. A true scion of his noble race was he, and Mrs. Vaughan was proud of him, and thought mother never before was blessed with such a son.

"If he only marries to please me, my happiness will be complete," she said to herself with a little sigh every day of her life. "But men do make such silly choices, sometimes, when they are looking for a wife; Cecil may prove no better than the rest in that respect. I believe it would kill me, though, if he were to make a *mesalliance*."

For her own part, she had not been guilty of the folly of an inferior marriage. Born a Vaughan, she had wedded one of her own race—a distant relative. She was very clever by far, however, to say very much upon this subject to Cecil himself. When he had once begun to drift towards forbidden havens, there would be time enough for remonstrance and entreaty.

But, though her lips were mute, that did not prevent her thoughts from dwelling pretty constantly upon this theme. In fact, she had made her own selection for Cecil already, and was only waiting for him to betray his individual preference, which she believed he would very soon do; for who, in all the wide world, was so well suited to him as her dear young friend Bertha Kenyon? Had she not invited Bertha for a long visit on purpose to throw the young people together? Had she not plotted and planned and manœuvred, until she felt very much ashamed of her own hypocrisy, in order to precipitate an engagement?

She was sitting in a great easy-chair of crimson velvet, in which she looked every inch a queen, one particular evening of which I am now writing. Cecil stood near her, bending down every now and then to smile into her face, or say some endearing word—for he was very proud of his mother—when the door suddenly opened, and Miss Bertha, a figure fitted in like a spirit, and stood before them.

A fairy-like figure it was, with a round, bright, piquant face, all pink-and-white save the almond-shaped eyes of turquoise blue. Shining yellow hair, soft as floss-silk, fell in rippling curls about her shoulders, and her dress looked like a fleecy cloud that had caught and retained the red-rose tints of a lovely sunset.

On seeing this bewitching vision Cecil stood staring, as if not quite certain whether or not he had been suddenly bereft of his senses; and Mrs. Vaughan straightened herself in her chair with a little shriek of dismay.

"Good gracious! It can never be Rose Varian!"

The pretty, fairy-like creature laughed softly, and, patting out her pretty, dimpled arms, twined them about Mrs. Vaughan's neck.

"Yes, dear old auntie," she said, kissing her rapturously, "it is your own Rose."

Mrs. Vaughan drew back with a gasp.

"I—I—thought that you were safe at school."

"School!" echoed the beauty. "Humph! I'm tired of always being kept at school. And so I've come back to you, like a bad penny."

The haughty lady's face grew stern and cold. She could not wholly conceal her dismay. Putting off those clinging arms, she said faintly:

"My vinaigrette, Cecil! These surprises quite upset me."

Cecil brought it from the mantel, scarcely taking his bewildered eyes off the lovely creature who seemed to have dropped from the skies so suddenly. She was bright and piquant, and, man-like, he could not help admiring her very much indeed.

Mrs. Vaughan detected his admiration, and grew whiter and sterner than ever. After toying with her vinaigrette for some minutes, she turned and said to Miss Varian:

"I did not expect you, Rose. Why didn't you send word you were coming?"

The little beauty tossed her head.

"I didn't know it myself very long beforehand, auntie. The fact is, I quarreled with Miss Garth, the lady principal—she said I was saucy and impudent, but that isn't true—and so I took French leave, as the saying is—came away without asking leave or license."

Mrs. Vaughan frowned.

"O you foolish child! Such things are so disgraceful. You must go back to-morrow and beg Miss Garth's pardon."

"I shall not go back, and I shall never beg Miss Garth's pardon," returned Rose, an expression not wholly amiable coming into her turquoise eyes.

Mrs. Vaughan sighed and knitted her brows. She scarcely knew what to say to this daring little rebel. Besides, there stood Cecil, staring at her still with a half-amused expression on his handsome face.

"Mother," he said, by way of interruption, "I beg your pardon. But this scene is quite inexplicable to me. Will you do me the honor to present me to this young lady?"

"Humph! I thought you knew her."

This was not true. But Mrs. Vaughan felt very angry, very much out of sorts, and did not consider her words at all.

"I have not that pleasure—as yet."

"Then let me introduce you. My son Cecil, Miss Rose Varian."

The young man bowed low over the pretty, slender hand she extended. For an instant he caught the flash of a pair of eyes bewilderingly bright and dangerous.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Vaughan," Rose murmured sweetly.

Cecil said something in response that called a vivid blush to her cheek, and then turned once more to his mother.

"I don't like half-explanations."

She understood him.

"Cecil, how silly you are getting to be," she said petishly. "Did I not write to you all about Rose while you were on the Continent?"

"I'm sure you never mentioned her name."

AN UNTIMELY INTERRUPTION.

"It must have been an oversight. Her father died something more than a year ago, and left her in my charge. I stand to her very much in the light of a guardian. That is all there is to tell; and now I hope you are satisfied."

"It is strange you never spoke of her before."

"Very strange," echoed Rose herself, those liquid blue eyes twinkling. "I do not feel flattered at being considered of so little importance."

"I tell you it was an oversight," Mrs. Vaughn said sharply.

Rose knew better. She was a shrewd little body, and thought she could understand the real reason well enough.

"Auntie knows I am pretty," she thought. She always called Mrs. Vaughn "Auntie," though no such relationship really existed. "She meant to keep me safely hidden away from her handsome son for some time to come. Dear me! but he is handsome. It's fortunate, after all, that I had that little falling-out with Miss Garth."

She smiled and shook her pretty head until every shiny curl seemed to be dancing a jig. Already the sly minx was beginning to lay her plans for the future.

Cecil had scarcely released that slender, dimpled hand when there came a soft rustling of silk through the hall, and Bertha Kenyon entered. She was a very handsome woman—tall and stately, with shining black eyes, a pale, high-bred face, a sweet, tender mouth, and a graceful ease, so to speak, rather an innate refinement, that might have done honor to one of royal blood. Her dark eyes opened a little wider than usual at the sight of a strange face, and one so infinitely charming, but she was too well bred to manifest her surprise more openly.

Mrs. Vaughan stumbled a little over the introductions. She still felt angry, annoyed, and mentally wished Rose Varian in the antipodes at that particular time.

"Her coming couldn't have been more inopportune," she said to herself. "Cecil is sure to be charmed with her—men always are with these pink-and-white faces. Faugh! As if one wanted a waxdoll for a wife. But Rose Varian will take care how she comes between Bertha Kenyon and my son. I couldn't brook that sort of thing."

Miss Kenyon was very pleasant and gracious to the newcomer. It was her way to have a smile and a kind word for everybody. But she could not help thinking, as she looked at Mrs. Vaughan, that she seemed to read some of them; for she said, presently, pointing to the cloud of drapery Rose had on:

"I don't understand why you should come here dressed in that fashion. One would imagine you had just returned from a fancy-ball."

Rose laughed carelessly.

"Please, auntie, do not criticise my dress. I had been doing wrong, you know, and must make confession directly I arrived, and, girl-like, it seemed as if I must make myself as pretty as possible, and disarm you of all resentment in that way."

Cecil heard both question and answer, a glanced up quickly. This girl was very artful or very innocent. Which was it?

Mrs. Vaughan could have told well enough. She opened her eyes incredulously.

"Humph! You should have given me credit for better sense than to have had my head turned by any such folly."

"I see it now," Rose returned good-numoredly. "However, we all make errors sometimes. But, indeed, I was very anxious to please you. I tumbled off my ugly wraps; though, of course, I expected to find you alone. But they are so disfiguring."

Rose told little fibs on occasion, and this was one of them. She had peeped in at the dr wing-room window in passing, and knew very well there was a gentleman, and that he was quite young enough and distingue-looking enough to be made the target for her coquettish little arrows.

Presently the young people withdrew to the piano. Mrs. Vaughan sat watching them for a long time afterwards, a slight frown contracting her fair, white brow. There was a little music and a good deal of gay, animated talk, the greater part of both being done by Rose. Mrs. Vaughan could not help seeing that a shade of pensiveness settled upon Bertha Kenyon's face presently. She became paler than her wont, and a dreamy, faraway look came into her pretty dark eyes. But Rose more than made up for Bertha's silence. She did nothing but prattle and laugh, and lift her turquoise orbs to Cecil's with glances at once shy and enticing. It was enough to turn any man's head—the looks she gave him.

"What an arch hypocrite," sighed the watchful mother quite wrathfully. "I believe that quarrel with Miss Garth was all a fiction, and Rose knew Cecil was here, and came on purpose to make a fool of him. She is quite equal to a cunning game of that sort. She knows Cecil has money—plenty of it—while she has very little. The minx understands perfectly well on which side her bread is buttered."

Not a very elegant way of putting it; but Mrs. Vaughan was nearer right than she might have been. With whatever plans Rose Varian might have entered the house, it was now quite evident she would not be averse to bringing Cecil at her feet.

When Mrs. Vaughan's patience was quite exhausted by Rose's coquettish wiles, happening to catch her son's eye, she signed for him to approach.

"Come here, Cecil; I have something to say to you."

He approached, and, leaning over her chair, softly kissed her cheek.

"What is it, *ma mere*?"

Mrs. Vaughan colored and began to cough. When she beckoned to her son, she had suddenly made up her mind to tell him her wishes, let the consequences be what they might. Anything was better than to see him drift blindfold into the snare Rose set for him. But the topic was a very embarrassing one. She could scarcely find fitting words with which to express herself. So, after a moment's dead silence, she said, quite abruptly:

"Cecil, I would like to hear your opin on of Bertha Kenyon. Charming, isn't she?"

He reddened, and looked away in som confusion.

"Very, *ma mere*? I don't think I ever met her equal in some respects, and I have seen a great many beautiful women."

This was candid, at any rate. Mrs. Vaughan took heart of grace. Smiling loudly, she said, in her softest, sweetest tones:

"I am glad you admire her so much. I hope she may be mistress in this house when I am dead and gone."

Cecil could not pretend to misunderstand her. He shifted uneasily, glanced once or twice at the two lovely figures still lingering at the piano, and thought dreamily how glad those words might have made him a few hours earlier—before Rose Varian came.

"I know you were fond of Miss Kenyon," he faltered after a pause.

"I couldn't love a daughter any better, Cecil," laying her soft hand upon his. "It would please me very much indeed if you would speak and decide your fate to-night."

He started, and the hot blood reddened his brow again.

"I will make the attempt," he said rather reluctantly.

"I shall take care that you have the opportunity."

She was as good as her word. By-and-bye, when Rose left the piano, and threw herself upon a cushion at their feet in an attitude of unstudied grace, the young man's artistic eye fully appreciated, Mrs. Vaughan gave him a significant glance.

"Rose," said she, "I want you to tell me all about your difficulties at the seminary. Cecil, do you join Miss Kenyon. It is not at all befitting you should be a listener to this conversation."

The young man bowed and moved away. Rose's turquoise eyes flashed angrily, but she felt herself powerless to interrupt the tete-a-tete that she now saw was inevitable.

The conservatory was lighted, and Cecil drew Bertha into its cool dusk and sylvan quiet. It seemed a scene of fairy-like beauty at this moment—tropical plants and tropical perfumes everywhere, and the soft, silvery plash of fountains in their marble basins. It was like a glimpse of Eden.

Cecil quite forgot Rose's bewitching face and turquoise-blue eyes under the enchanted spell that at once enrapt his senses. At one time he had been quite sure he loved Bertha, and now the old feeling came back as strong as ever. He grew cooler and calmer, and his whole soul made confession that this was the woman of all the world to guide and shape his future. Bertha seemed to have an intuitive sense of what was coming. She had banished the dreadful fear and jealousy that had beset her while Rose was with them, and eyes and face were luminous, while the loveliest blushes imaginable chased each other over her pretty cheeks. Cecil talked other things in an absent, dreamy way, for a long while; but suddenly he leaned over her, his whole heart in his eyes.

"Bertha," he whispered.

She glanced up shyly, as if her name spoken in that tone thrilled her through and through.

"Bertha," he murmured very softly, "you must guess what it is I wish to say to you. For days and days a confession has been at my tongue's end. Let me speak to-night; let me tell you ——"

He stopped abruptly, and the sentence was never finished, for Rose Varian came tripping into the conservatory, bright, smiling, irresistible. She had managed at last to break away from Mrs. Vaughan.

"I'on here

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A MOMENT WITH THE MINSTRELS.

BY N. J. MORTON.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, Bones, how have you occupied your time since we last met?

BONES.—Oh, improvin' my mind, mostly; readin' up, you know.

INT.—In regard to what particular branch of knowledge?

BONES.—I guess ancient history was my strongest hold. Gives you a good deal of learnin' to the square inch.

INT.—A very interesting study, sir, as, I have no doubt, you found it.

BONES.—Yes, indeed. Tells you all about Julius Sneezer, an' Alexander the Great One, an' Noah, an' Moses, an' Old Probabilities, an' Dan Rice, an' Old Times Rocks, an' Pharaoh, an' Hair-on, an' Ole Virginny, an' all the other old residents, you know. Curiosity things in it; lots of information. Say, you can't tell me who had the first walking-stick?

INT.—I'm sure I don't recollect now. Who was it?

BONES.—Why, Adam, when Eve presented him with a little Cain!

INT.—I see you have profited by your readings.

BONES.—Oh, this ancient history is the boss. And then it tells who was the straightest man in Egypt; do you recollect that little matter of history?

INT.—I must confess my ignorance on that point also.

BONES.—Don't you 'member Joseph?—the feller that Mrs. Potiphar got mashed on, but he told her "Not for Joe," and she had him up for libel. Why, he was *so straight* that Pharaoh wanted to make a *ruler* out of him.

TAMBO.—See here, young feller, if *you* don't begin soon to keep *straight, Faro* won't leave enough of you to make a satisfactory toothpick!

INT.—Let us have peace, gentlemen. Bones, here is something after your own heart. Why was not Eve afraid of the measles?

BONES.—Insured? Vaccinated? Naturalized? Well, why?

INT.—Because she'd Adam (*had 'em*).

TAMBO.—O me h'eyes! wot a 'orrible habortion!

INT.—What was Evo's bridal-dress?

TAMBO.—A fig-leaf polonnay, a cabbage-leaf panyssy, and a grape-vine redowa! No cards.

INT.—Say, it was *barely nothing*, to be sure!

BONES.—Not even a gribbon?

TAMBO.—Why, you flat, she was a *rib-bone* herself!

BONES.—Wonder which Adam liked best, his *Ham* or that *spare-rib*?

INT.—It is not *meet* to jest on such subjects.

BONES.—But don't you see my reputation as a jokist is at *stake*?

INT.—By the way, gentlemen, what is indeed the riddle of riddles, that never was and never will be solved?

BONES.—Charley Ross? Where do the pins go to?

TAMBO.—Hush! Who smote William Patterson?

INT.—Far from it. It is *life*, for we *all have to give it up*. And now, gentlemen, you may take a recess, while Signor Silvertongue relates his dreams about the

"Sparkling Eyes of Long Ago."

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS MABEL PEARL, SERIO COMIC VOCALIST.

BY N. J. MORTON.

A vision haunts my waking hours,
And through my dreams strange fancies lurk;
For Memory, with her magic powers,
Has set some potent charm at work.
With pictures of the happy past,
And pleasures far too sweet to last,
And sparkling eyes that sparkle here or
Alight with love's impassioned glow.
Sparkling eyes! gay, sparkling eyes!
Those sparkling eyes of long ago.
Chorus.—Sparkling eyes! sparkling eyes!
Sparkling eyes of long ago!
Sparkling eyes! those sparkling eyes!
Sparkling eyes of long ago!

And one—long numbered with the dead—
Seems half revealed before my gaze,
With winsome presence, such as shed
A halo round those earlier days.
With sunny hair, and laughing eyes
That stole their tints from Summer skies.
Sparkling eyes! O sparkling eyes!
Undimmed, as then, by pain or woe!
Sparkling eyes! sparkling eyes!
Those sparkling eyes of long ago!
Chorus.—Sparkling eyes, etc.

In all her radiant loveliness
She smiles upon me as of yore;
Again I feel her soft caress—
I hear her winning voice once more.
I seize her hand in fond surprise,
But, when I speak, the vision flies!
Yet sparkling eyes! O sparkling eyes!
Ye haunt me ever, ever more!
Sparkling eyes! sweet sparkling eyes!
Those sparkling eyes of long ago!
Chorus.—Sparkling eyes, etc.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE JAMES DELMON GRACE.

We present our readers with a copy of the bill of performances at the old Broadway Theatre, this city, on the occasion when the late Mr. Grace made his first appearance in that theatre, as referred to in obituary notice of him in our past issue. E. J. Marshall has retired from management, and is engaged in commercial pursuits in the South; George H. Barrett died in this city Sept. 5, 1860; Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) is now in this city, in temporary retirement; Mrs. Vagla is living in retirement; J. D. Grace died in Providence, R. I., Nov. 15 last; Edward Sanford died there Feb. 16, 1860; Mr. Horton is Frank Lawlor, now acting in Australia; Mme. Ponisi is a member of Wallack's Theatre company, in this city; Mrs. France is living in retirement in Westchester County; David Walding is a member of one of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre traveling companies; Joseph Grosvenor, we believe, is still living in retirement; James Seymour died in this city Sept. 29, 1864; Mr. France is living in retirement in Westchester County, N. Y.; Mr. Leffingwell is traveling with Furbish's 5th-avenue Combination; Mrs. Seymour still follows the profession; Miss Josephine Henry is now the widow of Robert Craig, and still before the public.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Sole Lessee.....Mr. E. A. Marshall
Also of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.
Stage-Manager.....Mr. G. H. Barrett
First night of the engagement of the Fairy Star
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON,
who will appear in her two favorite characters of
MILLY AND THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

During the above engagement will be produced, for the first time in this city, that celebrated repertoire of new and original comedies and comediettas written expressly for Miss Robertson, and her exclusive property.

MR. GRACE,

his first appearance, in the character of Ruy Gomez.

Boxes and parquet, 50c.; reserved seats, 50c.; private boxes, $3 and $6; family-circle and upper tier, 25c. A portion of the third circle has been appropriated for the accommodation of respectable colored persons; smoking, 25c. Doors open at 7, and the performances will commence precisely at half-past 7 o'clock.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 30, 1854,

will be acted the comedy called

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

Charles II., King of Spain.....Mr. Grace
Ruy Gomez, his first appearance.....Mr. J. Grace
Marquis de Santa Cruz.....Mr. Sanford
Lopez.....Vincent|Guzman.....Barnard
Pedro.....Hamilton|Nobles.....Allen, Wright, etc.
Duchess de Torreneuera.....Madame Ponisi
Leonora.....Mrs. France|Lords, ladies, pages, etc.

DANCE.—After which will be performed the charming burletta entitled

MILLY, OR THE MAID WITH THE MILKING-PAIL.

Lord Philander, Mr. Whiting|Diccon.....Mr. Seymour
Algernon.....Mr. Grosvenor|Milly.....Miss Agnes Robertson
in which character she will sing her celebrated ballad of
"The Maid with the Milking-Pail."

To conclude with the protean burletta, written expressly for Miss Agnes Robertson by Dion Boucicault, the author of "London Assurance," etc., entitled

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

Mr. Crosschez, a theatrical manager.....Mr. France
An Emminent Tragedian.....Mr. Leffingwell
An Irresistible Comedian.....Mr. Seymour
Calboy.....Mr. Allen
Mrs. Crosschez.....Mrs. France
Miss Desborough.....Mrs. Seymour
Maria, the manager's daughter.....Miss Agnes Robertson
Sally Bacon, from Yorkshire.....Miss Agnes Robertson

In which she will sing "All Around My True Heart."

Hans, a German emigrant, with a German national melody, "Mein Herz ist am Rhein".Miss Agnes Robertson
Edie Healsbloom, a Scotch lassie, in which she will sing "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and dance a Highland strathspey.....Miss Agnes Robertson
Cerney, an Irish servant-girl, portraitier from Stubbereen. In which character she will sing "The Widdy Mack-ree," and dance the Planxty O'Rafferty to the tune "Paither Jack Welsh".....Miss Agnes Robertson

To-morrow evening, Miss Agnes Robertson will appear in two favorite characters.

Just received from London, and will shortly be produced, "Heart of Oak," by Douglas Jerrold, "My Friend the Major," and "False and Constant."

In rehearsal, the new farce of "A Lucky Hit."

No money taken at the doors. Tickets to be purchased at the box-office.

ALWAYS DODGING ABOUT.

Song-and-Dance.

TO MANSFIELD AND CAMERON OF OAKLAND, CAL.,

BY J. F. BROWNE.

We are two hunkydory mokes,
We dance to make us grow;
No matter when you see us
You'll find us on the go.
The ladies all do love us,
They say we're "just too sweet;"
Oh, my! they are delighted
When they see us glide our feet.
Chorus.—Now watch us, we're two happy coons (*sym.*),
We are like a pair of crazy loons (*sym.*);
So all stand back and listen—
Just watch the steps walk out.
Ain't this a curious whim of ours
This always dodging about? (*Dance.*)

Now I guess we will perambulate;
We are going to see our girl;
We really do adore her,
She's a perfect little pearl;
Her father does not like us
To take his daughter out;
But he finds it hard to catch us,
For we are always dodging about.
Chorus.—Now watch us, etc.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S Circus and Menagerie in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1856.

Van Amburgh died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1865. A portion of the Cooke Family are in Europe, and the remainder are here. Frank Carpenter, Dan Stone, Prof. Langworthy and H. Crowhurst are living, the latter in retirement.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S GREAT CONSOLIDATED CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE,

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD,

will exhibit at

PITTSBURG ON JULY 3, 4 AND 5, 1856,

AT THE AMERICAN HOTEL LOT.

Open at 2 and 7 P. M.

FOUR PERFORMANCES ON THE FOURTH.

Doors open one hour previous to the artistic performances.

THE EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC TROUPES comprise the principal stars of Europe and America, at the head of whom are the celebrated

COOKE FAMILY,

from Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, London; the

FRANCISCO BROTHERS,

four in number, from the Cirque Nationale, Paris;

LE JEUNE LOUIS,

the most classic equestrian of the age;

FRANK CARPENTER,

the daring bareback rider;

MESSRS. HILDRETH, WADWELL, HORNELL, ETC., and separate troupes, Voltigeurs, Acrobats, Pantomimists, and Dramatists.

TWO STAR CLOWNS,

DEN STONE, the most original wit and puncent jester in America, and H. CROWHURST, his English compeer, a "volume of infinite wit," and the greatest trick clown in the world.

Leader of the Cornet Band, HERMAN LUDWIG.

THE MENAGERIE

is the most perfect ever exhibited, and contains the largest and most comprehensive collection of animals from

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA AND AMERICA,

ever connected in one zoological institute.

Immediately after the arenic performances,

PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY

will enter the cages of his trained animals, consisting of Lions, Lionesses, two Royal Bengal Tigers, Leaping Tiger, Panthers, Leopards, etc., and exhibit to the spectators the wonderful subjection in which he holds these savage denizens of the jungle and forest.

Admission, 25 cents (no half price). Reserved box seats, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.

SMILE AND BE HAPPY AGAIN.

BY MRS. LEW BENEDICT.

DEDICATED TO SAM DEVERE.

How often we hear folks complaining,
And grumbling 'bout this thing and that,
Because they resemble a shadow,
Or else 'cause they're getting too fat.
Some folks are rich, yet they grumble
Because they can't add to their store;
I'd rather be poor and contented,
With sunshine to carpet the floor.
Chorus.—'Tis the brave ones that fortune oft favors—
Don't fret, though you're out in the rain;
Keep your eye on the cloud's silver lining,
And you'll smile and be happy again.

Whenever you hear a man grumbling,
And wishing that he'd ne'er been born,
You'll find, nineteen times out of twenty,
He'll come out the small end of the horn.
It isn't the glittering sunshine,
But trouble that proves the true man;
Should it glisten a while o'er your pathway,
Make hay while it shines, if you can.
Chorus.—It's the brave ones, etc.

I've oftentimes met with misfortune,
But the trial I've faced like a man;
It always pays better than shirking—
Besides, it's the manliest plan.
I'd never go cringing and fawning
'Round relations richer than I,
But cheerily sing better luck next time—
'Twould generally come by-and-bye.
Chorus.—It's the brave ones, etc.

Then, boys, be this ever your motto—
"'Tis a long lane that hasn't an end;"
Always look at the bright side of nature,
And you'll ne'er be in need of a friend.
Be a friend to a friend in affliction,
Cling to him in his sorrow and pain,
And you'll find, when life's journey is ended,
You can smile and be happy again.
Chorus.—It's the brave ones, etc.

THE MELODEON, NEW YORK, IN 1861.

Joe Childs, one of the performers mentioned in the bill of which a copy is annexed, is the contributor thereof. George Lea has retired from the profession, and is keeping a drug-store in Port Jervis, N. Y.; Ben Yates is now the business-manager of Mlle. Zoe (his wife); James Dunn is traveling with the dramatic company supporting Miss Florence Fairchild; Frank Pell died in St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 26, 1871; Kate Pennoyer is living in this city in retirement; Sam Sharpley died in Providence, R. I., Jan. 1, 1875; J. H. Ogden died in Philadelphia, Pa., some years ago; Annetta Galletti is still before the public; M. Ronzani died in this city some years ago; the Denzer Brothers still follow the profession; E. Chamberlain (Zeke) is now in the employment of Shook & Palmer as doorkeeper; Josephine Bernard married and retired from the profession some years ago; R. W. Smith appears before the public occasionally; Prof. Nichols is in retirement, and his son, Alex. Nichols, is before the public; Rose Seigrist still follows the profession; Mlle. Leonora (Creed) is still before the public; James Lemont is singing with some minstrel company; Adela Calla married E. Chamberlain, and retired; Fanny Forrest died in this city a few years ago; Signor Bengali is now known as Signor Monteverde, and is before the public.

MELODEON,
539 Broadway,
Henry Lea.....Lessee and Proprietor
George Lea.....Acting-manager

CARD.—The proprietor wishes to call the attention of the public to the very superior combination of talented performers attached to the Melodeon. They are not only superior to any company attached to any first-class theatre or concert-room, but some of them are acknowledged by every professional person to be the best artists in the world.

ALL NEW ACTS TO-NIGHT.
ANNETTA GALLETTI, MISS KATE PENNOYER,
J. H. OGDEN, MISS ADELE CALLA
SAM SHARPLEY, MISS JOSEPHINE BER-
FANNY FORREST, NARD,
JAMES DUNN, DENZER BROTHERS,
JOE CHILDS, R. W. SMITH,
JAS. LAMONT,
with the entire company, numbering
OVER 100 PERFORMERS
PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING.

Overture.....Orchestra
Selections.....Orchestra
Dance.....Josephine Bernard
Comic Song, "Used-up Man".....R. W. Smith
Comic Dance.....Ben Yates

CLASSICAL GROUPINGS,
Prof. Nichols & Son.

Overture.....Orchestra
Dance.....Miss Rose Seigrist
Song, "My Pretty Jane".....Mr. Jas. Dunn
Overture.....Orchestra
Dance, Village Hornpipe.....Mlle. Leanora

TAMBOURINE SOLO,
R. W. Smith.

Song-and-dance, "Bob Ridley".....Frank Pell
Dance.....Kate Pennoyer
Song.....Jas. Lamont
LOCAL BANJO SONG.....THE ORIGINAL CHEAP JOHN,"
Sam Sharpley.
Song, "I Would not Die in Springtime".....Mr. Jas. Dunn
Clog-dance, by the Champion.....Joe Childs
(Late of Hooley's Minstrels.)
J. H. OGDEN
in his great comicalities, funny sayings, etc.
The grand ballet entitled
ESMERALDA.
Esmeralda, Signa. A. Galletti|Gringoire.....Mons. Ronzani
Claudio Frolo.....Adele Calla|Quasimodo.....Ben Yates
Vivandieres, Bouarnienne, Parsanes, etc.
DANCES.—FIRST TABLEAUX.
Polach Vasiarion.....Signa. A. Galletti
Troandes.....Signa. Galletti
SECOND TABLEAUX.
Elemandes.....Corps de Ballet
Mazourka.....Miss Pennoyer and Miss Calla
Grande de Pas de Deuz.....Signorina Galletti and Calla
Grande Gallopade..Galletti, Pennoyer,
Calla, and Corps de Ballet
Grande Tableau.....Finale
Song—"Red Robin".....Miss Fanny Forrest
MACBETH AND OTHELLO.
(In one act.)
Sam Sharpley and Frank Pell.
Dance.....Miss Josephine Bernard
THE ROMAN GLADIATORS,
by the Denzer Brothers.
Bone-solo.....Frank Pell
Song—"Star-spangled Banner".....Mr. James Dunn
Overture.....Orchestra
J. H. OGDEN
in his Irish comic songs, dances, recitations, etc.
SMIGGY MAC GLURAL,
Sharpley, Fell, and La Mont.
FEATS OF POSTURING,
Sig. Bengali.
Double Irish.....Rosa Seigrist and Ben Yates
Overture.....Orchestra
FEATS ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR AND FLYING RINGS,
Denzer Brothers.
To conclude with a
GRAND BALLET DIVERTISEMENT,
introducing the following beautiful dances:
Polka.....Misses Volup and Walsh
Pas de Danube.....Miss Josephine Bernard
Mazurka.....Rosa Seigrist
Scotch Pas Seul.....Miss Kate Pennoyer
and the
Bohemian Polka.....Annetta Galletti and Adele Calla
WEDNESDAY NEXT, DEC. 6,
BENEFIT OF E. CHAMBERLAIN,
better known as Zeke, on which occasion the greatest bill of the season will be offered.

A bill of immense attraction in preparation for Thursday, Nov. 28.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Admission, 13c.; orchestra seats, 25c.; seats in private boxes, 50c.; reserved seats, 50c.; proscenium boxes, $1. Seats secured for one month or longer can be secured at a reduced rate by applying at the box-office. Reserved seats and private boxes can be secured and retained during the entire evening.

Doors open at 7; commence to perform at seven. Concert to commence at eight o'clock precisely. No money or tickets returned.

N. B.—The proprietor requests that the patrons of the establishment will immediately report any neglect or overcharge on the part of the waiters.

"VASH-DUPS TO MEND."

TO PROF. O'REARDON.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOSEPH G. WOOD.

"Any vash-dups to mend?" is der cry of a feller
Who basses my blace efery day;
His nose dot is red, und his eye dot is yeller,
Und his eyes dhey both look'd dher wrong vay;
He is bow legged too—I dell you vhad's drue—
Und he loud lige a lion does roar—
I'd radder somevone knocked me down mit a glub,
As have dot chab bass by my sdore.
Spoken.—Singing out:

Chorus.—Vash-dups to mend, vash-dups to mend,
Shiminey gridopher, who do, do?
Vash-dups to mend, vash-dups to mend,
Gridopher shiming, who do, do?"

Vhad could a ghal see in a rooster lige dot?
Dot's vhad I vould lige to found out;
Id must be dher vhay he could holler "vash-dups"
Do lose dhem dot vas ashamed of id.
My ghal, Katerina, vas yoost such a fool—
I'll drove exactly vhad I say;
For she backed up her glothing, her diamonds and
Mit dat "vash-dup" man she's run avhay.
Spoken.—Und I am since informed by seferal responsible barties dot dhey both go 'round dher cidy dogeddher grying oud:

Chorus.—"Vash-dups to mend, vash-dups to mend," etc.

Oh, vhad an excidemend dhere vhas in dher cidy
When her old vash-dub found dese dings out!
He rushed quickly 'round to dher bolice-house sdashion
Yeood lige he had dree bair of vings.
"*Oh, sir, dhere loose grick*," he cried out to dher Shudge;
But dher Shudge shouded: "Vhad can I do?
Vhen a gupple of fools dhey zed made into *sone*,
"*Vhe vash?*" *Vhy, shit dhem in two!*"
Spoken.—Und id's on account of dher obsdinacy of dher Shudge dot dhey are still going 'round togedder grying oud:

Chorus.—"Vash-dups to mend, vash-dups to mend," etc.

THE BALTIMORE (MD.) MUSEUM IN 1853.

John Hurst of that city sends us a bill of the above. Henry C. Jarrett is now comanager of Booth's Theatre, in this city; W. M. Leman is a member of the stock company at the California Theatre, San Francisco; Harry Bell is dead; Mr. Charles Howard is now Mrs. Harry Watkins, and is residing in this city in temporary retirement; William Ellis died some years ago; Harry Langdon, George C. Boniface, and Benj. G. Rogers are still before the public; James G. Burnett died in Chicago, Ill., March 19, 1870; L. B. Phillips died in Baltimore, Md., July 13, 1863; Miss Mary Ann Graham is now Mrs. Clifton W. Tayleure, and is residing in Brooklyn, L. I., in retirement; Mrs. Silsbee is now Mrs. W. A. Chapman, and acting in Philadelphia, Pa.; Ella Warren the dancer retired from the stage some years ago; W. G. Taylor died in San Francisco, Cal., May 11, 1859; Miss Marion married Signor Strini, an operatic vocalist. She died about 1856.

BALTIMORE MUSEUM.

Proprietor and Manager.....Henry C. Jarrett
Stage-manager.....Walter Moore Leman

Price of admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats to parquet, 12½ cts. extra. Gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies, to parquet, 12½ cts. extra. Children under ten years of age, half price. No children in arms admitted. Private boxes can be obtained. Box-book open from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

Performances to commence at half-past 7 o'clock.

THIRD NIGHT OF MRS. C. HOWARD.

The absence for several seasons of this pleasing and accomplished artist from her native city has only served to enhance the desire of the public to enjoy her delightful personations. The opportunity will be but brief during which that wish can be gratified, as it is quite impossible for her engagement to be extended beyond this present week.

The spiritueelle and fascinating style of MRS. HOWARD'S playing has not been excelled by any lady who has visited us; and, it would be strange indeed, while we have such a flower of native growth, that anyone would wish to place Feeble exotics in comparison. Such is not the case, for delighted audiences testify her complete triumph.

MRS. C. HOWARD as LADY TEAZLE AND POLLY CRISP.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 2, '53,

will be played SHERIDAN'S great comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle.....Mr. Ellis	Snake.....Mr. Van Horn
Charles Surface.Mr. Langdon	Trip.....Mr. De Mott
Joseph Surface.Mr. Boniface	Joseph's Servant.Mr. Bowers
Sir Benjamin Backbite,	Lady Sneerwell's Servant,
Mr. Leeman	Mr. Andrews
Crabtree.....Mr. Rogers	Maria.....Miss Graham
Sir Ol. Surface.....Mr. Burnett	Lady Sneerwell.Mrs. Silsbee
Rowley.....Mr. Taylor	Mrs. Candor.....Miss Marion
Careless.....Mr. French	Maid.....Miss Le Roy
Moses.....Mr. Phillips	
Lady Teazle.....	Mrs. Chas. Howard

in which character she will sing, "TWAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT."

Fancy Dance.....Miss E. Warren.

To conclude with, for the first time, a monologue entitled SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

This sketch is from the pen of the successful author J. STERLING COYNE, Esq., and Mrs. HOWARD'S performance of the principal character is truly delightful.

POLLY CRISP.....MRS. CHAS. HOWARD

as played by her with wonderful success in New Orleans, New York and Boston, and in which character she will (by request) sing "Old Folks at Home," also "I Should Like to Marry," and "To-day I'm Sixty-two."

Tom Temple.....Mr. De Mott|Nicodemus Crisp.Mr. Tayler

DRAMATIC VOICES—Voice of Mr. Hustinson, a retired Englishman.....Voice of Mrs. Featherstony, a Prudiner. Voice of Smithers, through a Cornet-a-piston. Voice of a Policeman.

TO-MORROW, FOURTH NIGHT OF MRS. CHAS. HOWARD.

FIRE-KINGS AND FIRE-EATERS.

What are the hottest things we can swallow without dread disaster to the throat and stomach? Can we handle red-hot solids, and wash our hands in white-hot liquids? Can garments made of woven materials be rendered fire-proof, in a complete or even a partial degree? These are questions worthy of notice; for, though it matters little whether or not we attend an exhibition at a place of public amusement, it matters much to know how far and in what way burning may be avoided when fire is raging.

The ancients had more knowledge of this matter than we sometimes give them credit for: and the middle ages in like manner were marked by many incidents illustrating a real or pretended power of bearing intense heat with impunity. Alberime Magnus mentions many feats of exhibitors or trading sorcerers in which the hands and the interior of the mouth were washed with certain heat-resisting liquids; while in others nothing more was displayed than clever conjuring, men seeming to do what they really did not.

A letter is extant from Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon, in the time of Charles I, mentioning a dropsomy exhibition in London in which "an Englishman, ithe some swabber of a ship come from the Indies, who hath learned to eat fire as familiarly as ever I saw any eat cakes, oven'd hole glowing brands, which he will crush with his teeth and then swallow." Later in the same century was an exhibitor, one Richardson, who gained much notoriety by his kind of defiance of fire. This appears to be the man mentioned by Madame De Sevigne. He waited upon her from Vitry, and dropped into his mouth melted sealing-wax "as if it had been so much cold water," without the slightest semblance of pain; nor did his tongue show the least sign of burning or injury whatever. The lively letter-writer, while treating the display almost as a miracle, nevertheless asked, in a half-bantering tone, what would become of the proofs of innocence, so much depended on in former ages, from the ordeal by fire. Richardson probably exhibited his marvels in various parts of Europe; for Evelyn was present at one such display at Lady Sutherland's. After dinner, the fire-king devoured flaming brimstone by way of dessert; chewed and swallowed burning coals; melted a beer-glass, and then ate it up, or drank it down; put a live-coal on his tongue, placed an oyster on the coal, blew this strange substitute for a fire-place with bellows, and so continued until the oyster was roasted or scolloped; he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, and drank off the mixture in a flaming state; and finally held a thick piece of red-hot iron for some time between his teeth.

A learned French publication, *The Journal des Savans*, gave detailed accounts of many of Richardson's marvels; and in the same journal M. Panthot afterwards explained how they were done, according to the revelations made to him by Richardson's servant. The exhibitor rubbed his arms with some chemical substance the hands and other parts of the skin to be exposed to the fire; the powerful liquid hardened the scarf-skin into a kind of leather; and after many repetitions of the experiment this hardening became permanent. Some blacksmiths, it is known, can handle a piece of hot iron nearly red-hot, the skin of the hand having become indurated by long practice at the hot trade. In roasting bits of steak and raw oysters on his tongue, Richardson is said to have secretly placed a thin slice of veal between the tongue and the burning coal, and that this and the moisture of the mouth shielded him from injury. As to swallowing such dainties as flaming sulphur and pitch, he was wont to retire immediately from the audience, drink off warm water and oil, and so obtain relief by an emetic.

Early in the 18th century a fire-eater named Heiterkeit exhibited in London; but all we hear of him is that he had the honor of appearing before the king on four members of the royal family. About the middle of the century the great hero in this line was Powell, who was visited and described by Strutt. Although not quite a sage, this man would take burning coals from the fire, and fan them; place a bundle of lighted matches in his mouth, and blow out the sulphur-fumes through his nostrils; carry a red-hot heater around the room between his teeth; broil a piece of beefsteck on red-hot charcoal placed on his forehead; and finally, in an iron spoon a delectable beverage consisting of blazing-hot pitch, wax, brimstone, and lead. There was a little savagery in some of the descriptions of Powell's tendencies: "His common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage. He feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers, to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this terrible element that, if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." We may fairly surmise that Powell adopted some such precautionary measures as his predecessor Richardson.

About the same time, the beginning of the reign of George III, several scientific men made some valuable experiments to ascertain what degree of heat the human frame could endure for a short time with impunity—apart from any application or secret preparation. MM. Duhamel and Tissot recorded their observations on a young girl, who entered an oven and remained there ten minutes at a temperature of 288deg. F., and on another who braved a heat of 325 deg. F. for five minutes. Dr. Solander, first clothed and then unclothed, remained for some minutes in an oven at 210deg.; Sir Joseph Banks at a little higher temperature; and Dr. Blagden at 280deg. Eggs were at the same time roasted hard in a few minutes, and a beef-steak baked (for it was really baking) in about half an hour. The experimenters could not touch with their metal buttons or buckles without burning their fingers. All the temperatures here named, except one, greatly exceed that of boiling water.

Sixty or seventy years ago there was a Signora Girardelli who astonished the public of London by standing with her naked feet on a plate of red-hot iron; drawing a similar plate over her hair and tongue; washing her hands in boiling oil: putting melted lead into her mouth, and keeping it there till it solidified—or so it "seemed to the spectators, at any rate.

A famous man was M. Chabert, the fire-king, fire-eater, and "poison-swallower," rather less than half a century ago. By trade a baker, he gained much notoriety by his extraordinary gifts and qualities. According to the stories told of him, he would rush into a burning house and bring out the inmates. Once, passing a smith's forge, he took out a white-hot piece of iron with his naked hand, placed the end on an anvil, and bade the smith strike away. The son of Vulcan, too much alarmed, ran away, thinking that a denizen of the nether regions had made his appearance. For a time Chabert was inspector of the royal kitchen at the Tuileries; but he was prone to go into the heated oven, and give out the dishes of baked viands with his handle. Being dismissed of sad results from such proclivities, discharged him with a small pension. He went to Vienna, and in the presence of the imperial family sat in a tar-tub, drank boiling oil, and smoked, until he was blackened like a negro. Coming to England, he exhibited at White Conduit House, where he went into a large oven, took in a leg of mutton, shut the door, sang some French songs, and came out with the mutton baked. On other occasions he bore the heat of an oven while boiling. Repeatedly he swallowed phosphorus and prussic acid, but appeared to do so; but when Mr. Wakley, editor of *The Lancet*, proposed to administer the last-named powerful poison as a test, Chabert refused to comply. This and other circumstances led to the failure of the fire-king as a profession. There is no doubt that the man possessed exceptional constitutional peculiarities; but it can as little be doubted that he supplemented these by precautionary measures such as we have already mentioned.

Scientific and practical men have devoted much attention to the utilizing of these peculiarities. Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim have some time since made textile goods for apparel, if impregnated with tungstate of soda, acquire a remarkable and valuable power of resisting flame. The ordinary fireman's smoke-dress will resist much fiery heat, and still more fume and smoke. Dr. Tyndall's fireman's respirator is a useful aid in the same direction. Lieut. Champy has introduced a very ingenious protective dress for French firemen.

The new aspirant for fame as a fire-king, Captain Ahlstrom, is a Swede, who came to England to display the fire-resisting virtues of a dress devised by M. Osteberg of Stockholm. It certainly is about as daring an exhibition as can well be imagined. A wooden structure is built up, supposed to represent the framework of a cottage, which is roofed and filled with combustible and inflammatory materials. When this has been set in a blaze, Ahlstrom, clad in his fire-proof dress, enters the burning pile, walks leisurely about, and seems to be as comfortable as if the temperature was only sixty or seventy degrees Fahrenheit; he brings out red-hot and blazing timbers in his hands, sits down on a half-burning and still blazing wooden chair, brings out a "dummy" human being wrapped up in a mantle, chops down burning timbers with a hatchet, and spends something like half an hour in these apparently agreeable pastimes. The fire-dress which enables Ahlstrom also to pass through this ordeal may be said to comprise its own fire-engine within it. Outside of his ordinary dress he dons two garments, one covering the head and neck, the other the body and limbs, and meeting at the waist. These garments are double—an inner layer of indiarubber; and an outer of moleskin lined with stout cotton cloth. A casque or helmet of double-canvas comes down over the headgear, and joins a breastplate made of similar material. Air circulates between the inner dress and the body, and escapes through holes in the upper part. The air is supplied in a curious way. Ahlstrom, when fully equipped, has a tail of portentous length, consisting of two concentric pipes—an inner indiarubber tube into which air is forced by bellows or an air-pump, and an outer hose filled with water. There is also a flexible pipe extending from the helmet to a forcing-pump. The whole dress is drenched with water while he exposes himself to the heat; and he has an auxiliary hose with which he can plentifully saturate any objects around him. The water keeps the garments down to a supportable temperature; while a constant supply of fresh air within the dress prevents the wearer from being too much incommoded by the steam generated. Forcing-pumps, or analogous apparatus, both for air and water, appear to be indispensable. The wearer looks through holes in front of the casque, kept cool by water outside, and an exit current of air from within. No preparation is applied to the skin; the wearer relies on his garments, the constant pumping-in of fresh air, and the constant flooding of his exterior with water. Of course the soundness and good working condition of the tubing, etc., are essential matters; but, these being properly attended to, there seems no reason to doubt that this ingenious invention would be useful for the purpose intended by Osteberg and Ahlstrom—namely, to enable firemen and salvage-men to enter buildings under circumstances of flame and intense heat. Practically, however, the dress, etc., would be useless in any emergency where an air-pump and a water-pump were not at hand.

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver. If you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

PREPOSTEROUS EXPECTATIONS.—In a Woodward-avenue car yesterday a man's breath smelled so strongly of whiskey that a gentleman moved across the car to get out of the circle. "Any sing wrong?" asked the drunkard as he observed the change. "Nothing, except your breath smells of whiskey enough to knock a horse over!" "Spect she does, sah does," was the candid reply; "but you don't 'spect poor man like me can buy cologne an' whiskey too, do you?"

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"BROTHERS."

Charles T. Coghlan's three-act comedy, was first acted at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 4, as briefly mentioned in our past issue. The story is thus told by *The Era*: "We are first introduced to the lodgings of Fred Seymour, in Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, where are assembled several medical and art students, friends of the 'lodger,' whom they imagine to be in bed. Awaiting his coming, they discuss the merits of art and the qualities of womankind, one daring young gentleman expressing the opinion that the members of the gentle sex are white and soft and smooth, and nothing else. When the conversation upon such topics begins to flag, they turn to the character of their host to discuss that, and from their lips we learn that Seymour is but the assumed name of the individual under whose roof they are assembled; that he has a 'swell' for a brother; that he can get unlimited 'tick' at his tailor's; and that in love matters he is 'deuced sly,' one of the speakers affirming, in proof of the last-named charge, that he has caught him on his own doorstep in dalliance sweet with one fair damsel. Presently Fred, who has long been up and out, purchasing flowers, comes to take care of his own character; and when his friends have departed for a while we gather from his own statement that he is in a position of embarrassing impecuniosity; that the supplies from his 'swell' brother have been stopped; and that the funds in hand amount only to the modest sum of four shillings and sixpence. His next visitor is Captain Davenport—'a sly old dog'—who tells him that a certain Kate Hungerford is going to be married, and that her father wants her portrait painted; that this is the lady whom he has long ardently loved, and to whom without avail he has proposed no fewer than four times—he still hoping, because he knows her uncertain and unchangeable nature. From him we gather something of Kate Hungerford's history; that she was born in the regiment to which her father and Davenport belonged; that, losing her mother, she was brought up by the two men, who have served together on many a field, and that her father had consistently opposed his (Davenport's) wish to make her his wife. Fred is not much interested, for he is thinking of a Kate of his own, and presently he consults his visitor upon the matter. The lady is somewhat of a mystery. She has visited him repeatedly; has sat for her portrait, and has taken captive his heart; this being the serious ending of an affair which commenced by an offer of shelter during a heavy shower. Davenport declines to give advice upon love affairs; takes his departure; but, returning to pick up his glove, sees his friend gazing with rapture upon the portrait of the very lady whose approaching marriage he has himself announced. This is a secret discovered indeed, and away he goes to disclose it to the lady's father. In the meantime Kate comes for another sitting, and, by means of a letter addressed to Fred Meredith, and inviting him to North Wales, discovers that the lady with whom she fancies he has been flirting, and who has made some impression upon her own heart, is the brother of Sir Francis Meredith, so that there is no impediment to her 'holy matrimony.' She sees her danger, and would retreat; but this is not permitted until the young artist has told his love, and revealed the passion she has inspired. She escapes from his presence, he following, when, with anger on his brow and a thick stick in his hand, in rushes Captain Hungerford, vowing to break the bones of the man who has tempted his daughter from the path of duty. The sight of Kate's portrait—so like her

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed in each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Notice.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending DEC. 9, MONDAY, Nov. 27.

LADIES' LIST.

Atkinson, Maude (leading "Sir")
Aimee's Opera Co.
Allen, Mrs. J. E.
Allen, Eloise
Antonio, May
Blodgett, Mrs. Kate
Boshell, Louise
Beane, Fannie (2)
Bergert, Della
Boyd, Jessie
Belmont, Louina Sc.
Bridges, Winona (2)
Bidwell, "Dollie"
Bidgod, Mrs. Etta
Bradden, Annie
Boyd, Nellie
Blande, Edith
Bates, Mrs. Mark
Carlisle, Ida (vocalist)
Craddock, Miss J.
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Chapman, Wm
Carroll Mrs. Jennie (2)
Cope, Annette
Caselli, Madam Sc.
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Chandler, Ada
Coombs, Jane
Castleton, Kate
Dark, Lizzie Sc.
De Ahna, Lilly
D'Este, Helen
Dacy, Anna
De Angelis, Sallie
Douglas, Fannie
Davenport, Minnie
Esmond, Ella
Ellis, Mattie
Everett, Ella
Fox, Annie
Fritz, Kittie Sharp
Forrest, Kate
Guy, Mamie
Gaugain, Marie
Goldmere, Annie
Goodall, Rebecca
Nichols
Howard, May (late of Washington)
Hasson, Minnie
Howe, Lillie
Helmuns, E. Grace
Hampton, Louise
Howard, Mrs. G.C.
Hendricks, Emma
Hogan, Julia
Harrison, Miss H
H. (2)
Herd, Belle
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Ketchum, Mrs. Geo. F.
Lucille, Fannie
Longee, Kittie
Leslie, Nellie
"Lady Pease"
Lee, Mrs. Celia
La Fond, Florence
La Verde, Mrs. C
M 5c.
Le Clair, Mrs
"Shell"
Lee, Rosa
McCabe, Maggie (2)
Marten, Mrs. Minnie
Mayo, Ella
Marshall, Miss
Mahretta, Mlle.
Mortimer, Annie
Mitchell, Octavia
Miller, May

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ada, Mr
Adams, Edwin
Arnott's Co., Manag.
Allen, Chas. N.
Allen, H. J. (manager)
Arringstall, Geo.
Atchison, "Lon"
Armstrong, J. A. (cornetist)
Arrington, Chas.
Arlington, J. V.
Allen, Dr. "Joe"
Anderson, Prof. (wizzard)
Atwater, J. B.
Allerup, F.
Aiken, W. A.
Butler & Mackie
Byron, O. Doud
Baldwin Sc.
Bailey, H. (late of "Pacific Comb."
Braham, Harry (of Lizzie)
Boissett, Jules
Bray, "Billy"
Burdich "Bob" (60)
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Com. Co.)(2
Bohannan, R. (of Punkett's Co.)
Bascom, J. T. 6c.
Breyer, Wm.
Braman, Col. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Burke, J. M. (of "B. Bill" Co.)
Barnum, P. T.
Barker, Frank W.
Brandisi, J. B.
Bush, Frank
Bush, I. T.
Butler, Prof. A.
Bessom, "Jerry"
Billson, C.
Brault, Louis
Brunaux, Emile
Byne, Ernest
Bryant, "Billy"
Baugh, Thos. (contractor)
Burgess, Geo.
Ben-dic, "Lew"
Berger Family, Manager
Bagley, Wm.
Batcheller, W. H.
Birdsall & White
Bell, Frank
Benford, "Sam"
Bernard, Harry
Burnett, "Alf"
Benson, Frank E.
Bucker, Jos.
Bailey, Edwin G.
Carville, Ramon J.
Caywood, Chas.
Cassidy, Geo.
Cooper Bros.
Coup, "Zack"
Castello, H. P.
Cole, W. W.
Colville, Saml.
Clark, Jas. W.
Cole, "Lew"
Commings & Hines (2)
Clark, G. M. (of Whitmore & Clark)
Cambridge, A. G.
Cordola, Mons. (3)
Colvin, E. D.
Culver, Chas.
Cook, Wood.
Couldock, C. W.
Callender, Chas.
Conrad, J. S.
Case, Wm.
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Connors, Wm. (circus "biz")
Cunningham, R.
Carl, Victor
Capeul, Victor
Clark, J. W. (banjoist)
Courtright, Wm.
Coleman, Z. A.
Conner 6c.
Clark, Wm. (of Clark, J. W. (banjomaker)
Dixon, F. (of Holman Op. Co.)
De Lafayette, Prof.
De Lorenzo, Chas.
De Leon, Leon
Davis, C. Hamilton
Day, Frank
Dunkin, J. R.
Darward, C.
Dahlen, M. W.
Deresione, Onorato le Sc.
Daley, Andrew
Daley, James
Dunback, Chas.
Dalton, H. (John Laylor)
Dixon, H. (of Kelog's Op. Co.)
Dalton, Jas. (late of Olympic, N. Y.)
De Forest, All. (manager)
Ellis, Chas.
Eades, Harry
Eagle, John
Ewing, C. (minist. "bis")
Edwards, G. G.
Elliot, Emile
Emidy, J., g. o. m.
Beehare, Engr.)
Elmore, Wm.
Emery, "Will" (ghost)
Erwin, Seiden
Emerson, John H.
Ford, "Sam"
Fields & Hoey
Fleury, Fernando
Farrel, R. S.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Felton, Fred. 6c.
Forepaugh, Adam
Frost, Hyatt
Fales, E. (of Howes & Cushing's Cir.)
Ferrello, Sig. A.
Fitzpatrick, M. J.
Foster, Wm. (late of Chicago)
Fielding, John
Gilday, C. (late of Park, Brooklyn)(2)
Gourlay, J. (of Sanlsburg & Co.)
Gilbert, J. M. (comed.)
Gordito, Sig.
Garrett, W.
Griffin, "Mike"
Gaston, Albert
Gregory, Frank
Gilbert, M. B.
Gerry, D. S.
Gaylor, Chas. W.
Gray, Jos. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Gilday & Ginniver
Gielen, C. (of Huber & Gielen)
Goss, "Ned"
Gilloll, "Ben"
Hammond, Edmond
Haywood, James
Huber & Gliden (2)
Hughes, "Paddy"
Henry, "Billy"
Haywood, Wm.
Hepp, "Joe"
Haverly, J. H.
Hopper, "Jerry"
Hart, John (late of Hooley's)
Hurley, "Joe"
Harrington, N. P.
Howe, Rockwood M.
Hutchinson, Asa B.
Huston, Ed. (late of Toledo, O.)
Height, "Bob" (2)
Hiard, Chas. L. (2)
Hartz, Gustave
Healy, Jas. J. (2)
Hart, John
Hartwell, J. E.
Holmes, E. B.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood's Comb.
Hawkins, Mr. (of Wagner & Hawkins)
Huskill, C. L. (2)
Heywood, J. (of "N. Y. Sensat.")
Hamilton, J. W. (of Howes & C. Cir.)
Hamilton, Wiley (2)
Hall, G. W. (of Harrington, "Will" L.
Hale, Chas.
Howard, F. (late of J. Mathew's Co.)
Howard, Rollin
Henshaw, John E.
Irwin, Selden
Jones, James "J. M." (2)
Jones, Arnold
Jones, Wheeler H
James, Geo. T.
Jarvis, Pierce
Kelly & Leon
Kenyon, Geo. F.
Kennedy, H. (vencriloquist)
Kennedy, Harry
Keen, Jule
Kellogg, Lt. E. H.
Kelly & Ryan (2)
Kelly, Acton E.
Kernell, Harry & John
Linton, Alfred
Lynch, J. (late Manning & Lynch)
Lester, Prof. Jas.
Lauden, Jeff. J. (2)
Moulton, Frank
Maryon, Theophilus (2)
Mesmic, Dr.
Massett, S. (lecturer, etc.)
Mendel, H. (Dutch "biz")
McCann, J. Ray
Mack, "Dan"
Murray, B. (of J. M. Burk's Co.)
Metcalfe, R. Hamilton 5c.
Newhall, Eugene
Naome, Frank (juggler)
Newell, N. D.
Nunn Bros.
Nobles, Milton
Orrin Bros.
Ogden, George
O'Lynn, Bryan
Orrin, Fred
O'Reardon, Matt.
Pyson, J. C.
Pastor, Tony
Palmer, Geo. ("fire-king")
Peak Family
Phoites, The (2)
Powers, "Billy"
Parisian Varieties Comb. Manag.
Parker, Col. "Lew"
Polk, J. B.
Poland, T. W.
Pilloli, F.
Peak, Wm. (of Peak Family) (3)
Parker, "Joe" H.
Posey, Z. C.
Peelle, S. G.
Perry, Geo. (late of Globe Circus)
Pyke, Geo. L.
Poolte, Jos. (2)
Phoite, "Jack"
Queen, Montgomery
Quinn, Thos. (ventriloquist)
Ritchie, Fred. (Dutch "biz") (2)
Robson, Stuart
Relly, Jno. (of the Howard, Boston)
Rogers, Jas. (author)
Rivers, C. H.
Raymond, J. B.
Rice, "Tony"
Regan, Thos.
Rushby, Horace Jos.
Rowen, C. (of Howe's Cir.)
Rickaby, John
Rice, Wm. H.
Robertson, John
Raynor, Harry
Robinson, Charles
Randall, Wm. (musician)
Rice, D. Lamar (circus prop.)
Raymond, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Robinson, C. M. (agent) 3c.
Reilly, John
Robinson, W. J. (musician)
Rowe, Geo. (musician)
Sheridan & Mack (2)
Squires, A. P.
Stanwood, Rollin
Shelse, Alfred
Sparra, H. E.
Sanyeah, Sam
Smith & Fox (2)
Spriggs, Harry
Seymour, T.
Robins, Mina (2)
Saulsbury, N. (of Sauls. Troubad.)
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Steubgen, Prof. F.
Sullie, Wm. (of Cole's Cir.)
Sullivan & Curdy
Siegel, Fred.
Slate, Harry
Smith, S. P. (of G. Middleton & Son)
Salsbury, Nelson W.
Summers, "Jack"
Sleeper, Col. C. H.
Stubbs, Stokes
Salsbury, J. (of Wallace Sist. Co.)
Sutherland, J. (of Carner's Co.)
Sothern, E. A.
Smith, Shirley
Snow, B. M.
Turner, J. M. (banjoist)
Tucker, J.
Thomas, M.
Thompson, Geo. W.
Thomas, Erwin
Toomey, W. F.
Tobin, "Joe" (2)
Tudor, J. (vocalist, etc.)
Tuttle, W. (comed.)
"Walla Thomas"
Western, H. (of West'nd Walling)
Williams, W. H. (of Bailey's Cir.)
Williams, J. H. (late of Cincinnati)
Walters, T. (of H. Robinson's Minst.)
Webber, H. (of Jno. Dillon's Co.)
Wayne, B.
Wayne Family (6)
Wild, H. H. (dramatic agent)
Wright, "Billy" (song-and-dance)
Williams, L. Percy (2)
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad") (2)
Western & Walling
Wells, Chas. A.
Washburn, E. S.
Walton, Ed. L.
Weaver, S. F.
Wilson, Geo. E.
Wagner, "Cal" (2)
Whittaker, R. H.
Worden & Mack
Ware, Geo.
Willis, Oscar
West, Frank
Wells, C. B.
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Whiffin, ——
Wingfield, John 6c.
Wentworth, Walter
Zwelnger, Clark
Zourin, Walter M.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on Nov. 23 for the following professionals: Harry Morris, Dutch "biz"; W. S. Humphreys, of McEvoy's "Hibernia" co.; Chas. Austin, late of the Opera-house; Lillie Robertson, of "Mat" Morgan's Co.; C. L. Davis, comedian; and W. P. Sessins.

INTRODUTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 27, '76.

This is Thanksgiving-week; but the failure of the engineers of the election to make their returns in time is very likely to interfere with the beneficent drift of our thoughts, and to inculcate a spirit of insubordination and rebellion not at all in keeping with the strict letter of the Thanksgiving law. So many thousands of us are looking for office, so many thousands of us are idling our time away in watching for the latest returns, that Thanksgiving services are receiving very little attention indeed. True, we have the fatted calf, and we have the unstuffed turkey; but when they are gone we must simmer down on fishballs, or take a back seat on the canned shad-roe; and here it is that our holidays do us a grievous wrong—for, while we strain every nerve and every unmortgaged dollar to set a good table for the invited guests, we must fast it out for days afterwards in the privacy of our own cuisine. One of those conundrums that ever graced the pages of "The Midnight Fiend, or the Redhanded Doorlock," commenced in this way:

"Oh, who would be a turkey hen,
Fed and fatted in a pen,
Killed and eat by hungry men,
All on Thanksgiving-day?"

.....Although our election returns are very incomplete, Tweed's return is clear as a sunbeam to-day, and, admitting of not even the shadow of a doubt. And this opens up the circus business in a new light, and shows us that the most humble member of that time-honored profession may, in the course of human events, become an important part of the body politic. When the election muddle became a fixed fact, and nobody could see any way out of the slough of despond, who did press and public send for? Why, our professional canvass men; and just in the "nick of time" Wm. Tweed turns up, the Boss canvass-man of the age.....Although these distressing times are well calculated to destroy all ambition, in virtue, all trust in human nature, we are pleased to observe that in a few rare cases they develop genius and true inwardness which, under ordinary circumstances, might have been lost to the world. During the past week, among other manuscripts we received was a poem of thrilling interest, founded on fact and entitled "A Night with the Ballet," in which the vicissitudes in the life of a dancer were depicted in glowing terms. The author must be capable of great things; for, in a private note accompanying the poem, he says: "If the inclosed manuscript is sufficiently exciting, give it a place in your interesting journal; but, if not found worthy, save it until it is called for, and I will try and work it over into *a parable for Sunday-school use!*".....During the Centennial excitement in the Quaker City, a small boy of the period, hailing from Nebraska, was caught and placed on a table in Independence Hall, and there and then that little feller recited the Declaration of Independence without making a mistake. And yet the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arrest all *physical* prodigies.....The man who didn't see the Centennial will shortly be placed on exhibition in this city as a sideshow. There will be quite a number of him, so that every large city will be favored with a sight of the wonder.....The people of this city don't care for magical entertainments as a steady diet; and that is why the recent ventures in that line have not cropped out profitably. Our regular theatres and variety establishments are giving such unusually excellent bills of fare as to overshadow the slight mock-turtle repasts provided by the sleight-of-hand purveyors.....We may soon expect to see "the ball's up," and people down, on the skating-ponds of this region. And, by-the-bye, one of the best places to *pick up acquaintances* is the skating-pond!.....It is with a heart full of sadness and distress that we notice indications of an incompatibility of temperament between Edwin Booth the Dane and Jarrett & Palmer of the alleged Booth's Theatre. Edwin seeks to restrain the other gentlemen from using his name as a figurehead for the establishment over which they preside; he wants ten thousand dollars for the damage they have done him. The other men claim the right to use the name of Booth, seeing that there are others besides Edwin bearing the name. When we eagerly perused the Court proceedings concerning the controversy, we felt as bad over it as a young man feels when he fails to get the new suit of store-clothes which his pollutet tailor had so religiously promised should be furnished by Saturday night; and we sent a delicate member of our intellectual department to interview the parties, and to endeavor to effect a reconciliation. The condition of the delicate one, when he returned from his errand of peace and mercy, was such as to convince us that we had made a deplorable mistake—that we should have sent our fighting member to enforce our views upon the subject.....When we remonstrated with "Our Jim" for standing on his head and imitating Ajax defying the lightning, at a time when he should have been at work, the black-eyed boy replied by saying that he was merely studying "Academic Postures," which are now becoming so fashionable, as developed in the Martinez-Del Valle trial.....An inquisitive correspondent wants to know whether Manager Arnold of Niblo's is a Benedict Arnold. We do not meddle with the domestic relations of the profession, and therefore cannot say whether or not he has *been addicted* to that policy.....Inasmuch as there are so few successful theatre poring over his figures and straining his eyes to ferret out a cent which is missing on the credit side, and which prevents him from making his account straight, we feel like giving him a cent, and thus relieve him of much of the labor which the search for that stray balance must entail upon him. We feel like buying a first-award Centennial show-case, putting that good man into it, and then hunting up Mr. Diogenes to show him the honest man he has so long been looking for. And, as we continue to gaze upon the upright man, we grow sick when we contemplate that, sooner or later, he must don his little trowsers will be put away. Jimmy, put on the crank, and see what she has to say about

THE HONEST TREASURER.

A treasurer's a *healthy* man—
Of food he eats a liberal amount—
Yet every morning he will rise,
And then *go to his long account*.

.....Charley Fish, the great equestrian, now performing in this city, has won and wore so many medals of gold that he may very aptly be called a *goldfish!*.....The Austin Brothers who have developed such marvelous qualities as shootists during their engagement at Tony Pastor's, very kindly offered to instruct James in the use of the gun and pistol; and the first we knew of the arrangement was when we found him, when a young lady entered the sanctum for the laudable purpose of seeking some information concerning a long-lost brother. We were kindly soothing the despondent sister of the long-lost one, when, hearing a noise in our rear, we turned just in time to see that worthy gift from the Austins, Jim, who for there stood Jim, with a gun pointed at a hummingbird on the young lady's hat. A moment more, and he would have fired! He ridiculed the idea of danger, and said that he had been shooting at riverpirates all night, and had never harmed a single hair of their heads, which was given as an evidence of his wholly gift from the Austins. We have requested the Austin Brothers to practice Jim at a cow on some vacant lot.....If a building sufficiently large could be secured for the purpose, we would kindly suggest that an exhibition be given of the planoforte which obtained the first award of the Centennial Commission. Many of the thousand pilgrims were of some account, after all; for, since their departure, the theatres and churches have experienced a considerable falling-off in the attendance, and dancing girls complain that they don't get so many floral tributes as they did when the pilgrims were on the march.....The American Institute Fair, which, our readers may have learned, has been going on here for several weeks, closed on Saturday last. It was so completely dwarfed by the big show in the Quaker City as to make people wonder why the alleged Fair was opened!.....Manager McVicker's fight with the ticket-scalpers proved to be a right smart sort of brush. It is not likely that Wallack's directory favors this assault upon the scalpers, for rolling stones would gather no Moss should the ticket-speculators be wiped out.....We do not credit the report that a real Chinese Claimant is among the probabilities for this city. A play which takes two or three weeks in its performance cannot find favor in the metropolis, unless boarding and lodging are thrown in. The omission of these necessary accompaniments would be fatal to any long-lived play.....Wonder what has become of "Twins," Mr. Wieschering's performing "Twins"? We have heard nothing in relation thereto since Wallack's troupe "put up a job" on it. And "The Crucible," too—what is A. Oakey Hall going to do about that? We don't like the idea of giving up such plays just because some refractory performers made a dead set against them.

THEATRICAL OFFSPRING.

Sweet innocents, within the household dear,
Their tones no more we hear;
Their prattle ne'er at dusk of night begins—
Alas! two sets of absent "Twins."

.....If the veteran Eph Horn should be called upon to do certain duty in an American rifle team of great strength and power.....A sardine outside wants to know whether Aun E. Leak was *born* without arms, or did she *grow* that way.....Send the party up. "If he can't come up, because his horse is blind, and can't stand without hitching," James, this dodge of yours will not avail, and you will have to go on with your work. "Hope I may never die, if it isn't so." You have entirely destroyed a brilliant little gem by your silly interruption, and our readers are thus despoiled of their just rights. Jimmy, you have a "diamond" in your pocket, James? "A brilliant gem." Out with it. "What is the difference between the silent Tombs and a one-mule stable? One gets a *Boss* to hoard, and the other gets a *horse to board!*" Be careful that they don't hoard you up where the "Boss" now lies.....Sitting Bull has been engaged to do tragedy at the Academy of Music. The stockholders from Wall street are the only *sitting Bulls* likely to appear at that house.....Our circus friends were not altogether pleased with last season's business, and this they attribute to short crops and shorter pilgrimages. Some of the most intelligent of them claims to have salted down fifty thousand dollars as his profits for the term, let us quietly whisper in your ear that he *lost* that amount! And we might as well remark that there is not a particle of foundation for the report that another manager has gone to Europe to engage a fortune for him by an uncle lately deceased. Wild animals are at a discount—some elephants and sacred bulls are willing to give their services for their board this Winter, and the importation of rhinoceroses has been stopped pending the settlement of the Presidential question. The man who is now swallowing swords and stones has given up that kind of diet, and gone back to eels and green goose, owing to the reduction in salaries. Sacred bulls are no more sought after than sacred pastors, and the whole show-business is in a condition of indebtedness, owing to the non-election of Hayes and Tilden.

CITY SUMMARY.

NELLIE VINCENT, a vocalist singing in variety theatres, who was charged with "appropriating" a watch and chain belonging to a female friend, was arraigned in the Fifty-seventh-street Court Nov. 22. The Judge held the defendant in $1,000 bail to answer the charge of grand larceny. Mr. Hitchcock, the proprietor of the Third-avenue Theatre, in whose employ the defendant had been, interceded for her and gave her a good character but declined becoming her bondsman. In default of bail, she was committed for trial.

WILLIAM COURTRIGHT, Harry Blanchard, Curry and Fox and Harry Woodson opened at Tony Pastor's Theatre Nov. 20. Theatre Nov. 20. Courtright gave his specialty of "Flewy-Flewy," introducing some highly grotesque dancing, which elicited shouts of laughter. In response to a recall he gave a creditable imitation of Sol. Smith Russell's impersonation of a schoolboy reading a composition on "The Rose." Harry Fox's "double-voiced" vocalisms were heard with pleasure. Curry and Fox in their performances on horizontal bars evinced marked improvement since they were last seen in this city. They now turn single and double somersaults from the bar, which are neatly accomplished. All of their feats are daring and difficult, and are gracefully performed. Harry Woodson was quite happy in delineating the peculiarities of the old plantation negro. Owing to the illness of Eva Bennett, on Wednesday evening the sketch of "The Ballitosser," performed by Frank Girard and Charles Worley, was substituted for the Bennetts' act of "Kitchen Domestics." Gus Williams sang a new song, entitled "I'm Sorry, but What Can I Do?" which hit the popular taste. Minnie Farrell gave Scotch songs and a Highland fling. The Wiltrinson Brothers repeated the songs they had sung the previous week, fully confirming the good opinion we had expressed of them. Jenny Morgan sang popular songs. The Austin Brothers will be remembered in remarkable rifle-shooting. Tony Pastor sang numerous songs, including "Hildebrant Montrose" and "The Whereabouts of Tweed," the latter receiving renewed zest on account of the arrival of "The Boss" in the city; and the sketches of "The New P. O. System" and "Bertha Whitcomb" filled out the bill, which attracted a good attendance.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES Sophie Thorne, a clog-dancer; Holbrook and Ryan, Ethiopian song-and-dance men; John Pendy, vocalist, with chance from white to black face, were the new appearances on Nov. 20. Besides these, the programme included songs by Minnie Hall and Alice Girard; the Teutonic specialties of Lew Spencer; juggling with cannon-balls by Prof. Donaldson; statuary by a troupe of females; banjo performances by Horace Weston; and the sketches of "Looking for a Boarder," "Only an Actor," "The Models," "The Invaded Studio," and "Bedroom Troubles," introducing George Atkins, Charles F. Seabert and Miss Blanche Kiberta, not otherwise seen.

AT THE AQUARIUM the Japanese triple-tailed fish, beautifully spotted codlings, sea carnations, white rats, devil-fish, and hell-benders are among the salient features. There are numerous tanks filled with our native fish, which prove of much interest to the visitors, as they can rarely find elsewhere so good an opportunity to watch their movements and habits. The attendance has continued large.

MAMIE ZOE began an engagement at the Bowery Theatre Nov. 20, acting in "The Angel of Midnight," which gave place on Wednesday evening to "Nita," which ran until Friday. Both of these dramas were prefaced by the farce of "The Irish Tutor." On Friday and Saturday nights "The French Spy" and "Speculation" constituted the bill.

MISS ELEANOR CAREY, who recently arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Australia, it is said has been engaged for Booth's Theatre, and will make her first appearance there in George Fawcett Rowe's new comedy.

EDWIN BOOTH began a season in the Lyceum Theatre, which was opened on Nov. 20 under the management of J. H. McVicker. He acted Hamlet during the entire week, save at the Saturday matinee, when he impersonated Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Booth's merits in both of these characters are patent to our readers, and both impersonations were fully up to their customary standard of merit. New and appropriate scenery had been painted for both pieces, and the costumes, properties and appointments were correct. A good working company had been gathered for his support, and the performances passed off smoothly. Milnes Levick's portrayal of the King has hitherto been witnessed upon the local stage, and has received the stamp of approval, and during the past week his acting was unexceptionally excellent. Frederick Robinson's reading of the dialogue of the Ghost merits especial commendation, and it has rarely been surpassed. J. H. McVicker made a pronounced success as the First Gravedigger, investing it with a deal of quaint character and dry humor. Miss Clara Jennings in personal appearance was eminently fitted to Ophelia, and her singing of the music and her acting were both good. Jennie Carroll gave a pleasing portrayal of Queen Gertrude. The remainder of the cast fluctuated from fair to good.....For the purposes of future reference we may say that Laertes was portrayed by James M. Hardie; Polonius, Frank Pierce; Horatio, Hart Conway; Rosencrantz, F. S. Foster; Guildenstern, C. E. Newton; Osric, W. W. Grant; Marcellus, W. A. Whitecar; Bernardo, W. A. Paul; Francisco, Wm. Artoun; Priest, T. H. Davis; First Actor, W. H. Collings; Second Actor, Lewis Baker; Second Gravedigger, W. H. Young; Actress, Florence Stratton. During the early portion of the week, in consequence of an attempt on the part of Manager McVicker to suppress speculation in tickets, there were a number of seats in the orchestra vacant, the sale for which had been sold at the box-office and were held by speculators; but, as the week were on, the vacant places rapidly diminished in number, from which we may infer that the speculators were tiring of the battle. The attendance was large throughout the week.

THE THREE SISTERS FRENCH and the Victorelli Brothers were the fresh appearances in the variety olio at the Theatre Comique last week. The Misses French in a musical sketch and songs-and-dances quickly won the favor of the audience. They were both handsome, sang well, and danced gracefully. The Victorelli Brothers performed a series of acrobatic feats, exhibiting great strength, skill, ease and grace of pose. The olio also included the sketch of "Eh? What Is It?" songs by Alice Bennett; Billy Gray, G. W. H. Griffin, S. Holdsworth and Floyd Lee as "The Hamtown Students;" Harrigan and Hart in "Levy of Chatham Street," "Dancing in the Ballet" and "The Actors;" and Billy Barry in a stump-speech, and, in response to an encore, in a grotesque song-and-dance. The chief feature of the entertainments was an original Irish dramatic sketch by Edward Harrigan, entitled "Iascaire." It is in seven scenes, and was elegantly painted with freshly painted scenery from the pencil of R. L. Weed. The most beautiful of these represented an Irish landscape, the exterior of a prison by moonlight, and a ruined chapel on the sea-coast, also seen by moonlight. The dialogue is good, and the action has been so arranged that the incidents follow up each other in a natural and effective manner. The thread of the plot is the unjust conviction of a young Irishman for political crimes, and his adroitness in various disguises in eluding his enemies for some time; his being caught while visiting his home; his confinement in prison; a thrilling escape therefrom; and the killing of the rascally steward of the estate, who has been his chief persecutor. To give due effect to this sketch, the following well-known actors and actresses had been engaged: Leslie Gossin, Welsh Edwards, Charles J. Fyffe, W. M. Ward, Mrs. J. J. Prior, Lizzie Edwards, and Miss Mollie Wells. These, added to the members of the regular company, gave the sketch an effective portrayal. Edward Harrigan was quite successful in depicting the character of a half-witted outcast named Michael Delany. Tony Hart acted with much spirit Shaun O'Kelly (the Iascaire). Adah Richmond as Oona O'Sullivan, and Fanny Burt as Elly Brady, the sweethearts of the two heroes, were quite captivating. John Queen, who had been especially engaged to act a strong-minded Irish woman named Mrs. Grogan, made quite a success, and created no little laughter. The sketch answers the purpose for which it was written, and served to increase the attendance in a marked degree. It will be kept on the boards this week.

THE NINTH ANNUAL BENEFIT of the B. P. O. of Elks took place at the Union-square Theatre Thursday afternoon, Nov. 23. Willie Seymour officiated as director of amusements, Frank Girard as stage manager, and Dan Bryant, who composed a new overture for the occasion, was musical director. The programme included "The Dead Shot," with E. Lamb, H. B. Phillips, John Mathews, Willie Seymour, and the Misses Louise Sylvester and Geraldine Maye in the cast; the recital of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," by F. C. Bangs; the fourth act of "Camille," with Charles R. Thorne Jr., J. W. Carroll, Claude Burroughs, Mr. Coulter, Agnes Booth, Mrs. Seymour and Miss Cleves in the cast; the singing of ballads by Miss Louise Franklin; the fourth act of "The Marble Heart," in which Mr. Lingard and Miss Sylvester sustained by Alfred O'Neil, Louis Aldrich, James Peskes. W. Ramsay, H. Ayling, C. M. Collins, Katharine Rogers, and the Misses Cleves, Allen and Vincent; Dutch character songs and sayings by Gus Williams; Harrigan and Hart in their sketch of "The Maloney Family," aided by Mrs. Yeoley, J. A. Grayson, Miss C. Bradley and Alice Bennett; character-songs by James W. McKee; rifle-shooting by the Austin Brothers; change-songs by Wash Norton; and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the brothers of the Order of Elks.

THE Sam Devere, Fred Warren, and Miss Marian Taylor were the new people at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 20. Ned and Willie Ainsley are clever exponents of song-and-dance, and their performances were liberally applauded. Sam Devere, a local favorite, met with a hearty reception, and was encored for his singing of "Ole Bull." We have frequently expressed our opinion relative to the introduction of the olio between the pieces, but never tire of hearing his banjo-songs and witticisms, so frequently did they recall him. Fred Warren was fairly successful in Dutch songs. Miss Marian Taylor acted Rose Linden in the closing sketch of "The Lost Ship." Thomas Gangero gave a marvelous exhibition of top-spinning, ending upon the point of a small stick a monument composed of small boxes and little glasses filled with water, and juggling with a number of small boxes, besides repeating his feats with balls, etc., as described in our past issue. Later, with One Taro, he gave the Perche Equipoise, balancing the pole upon his shoulder, while Taro performed a series of difficult feats near the top of the pole, such as spreading out the fingers and hands; Giovanni his performances on the musical goblets, and later he introduced his trained canary birds; Kate Castleton and Lulu Delmay sang popular songs; and Schoolcraft and Coes were seen in their comical sketch called "Oh, Well, It's No Use." Business remained fair.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" attracted very fair audiences the past week. George W. Reed now plays George Harris in place of J. Z. Little, and Miss Lewis Mrs. St. Clair, instead of Mrs. G. Wade.

BUSINESS WAS GOOD at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels last week. The only changes in the programme were "Annie Bell," sung by Edwin Kelly, and "Zophella," performed by Edwin Lester and J. W. Morton. "Ching-chow-hi" continues the chief attraction.

HENRY J. PAULDING, a billposter, for disobeying an injunction, issued by the Supreme Court, prohibiting him from overpasting the bills of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, was arraigned before that court on Nov. 23, and being adjudged guilty of contempt, was fined $449, which he paid and was discharged.

THE LAST WEEK OF "Sardanapalus" at Booth's Theatre will be the present. This spectacle was performed for the one hundredth consecutive time on Tuesday evening, Nov. 21. The business has been good. "King Lear" is to be produced Dec. 4.

THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE was crowded during the past week, the public evincing a deal of curiosity to witness Mr. Daly's production of "As You Like It." Some improvement, is noticeable in the acting. The scenery is gorgeous and the costumes are rich and beautiful. The production of "The School for Scandal" has been postponed until Dec. 5.

THE FIFTH-AVENUE ART GALLERY is now one of the beautiful ever seen upon the local stage; the change of a ship at sea into an abode of fairies; the dancing of the Minzelli Sisters and the ballet-corps; the march by the numerous young ladies, clad in gorgeous costume; the spirited acting by Eliza Weathersby, W. H. Crane and others in the cast, are among the salient features of "Baba," which still holds the stage of Niblo's Garden and attracts a good average attendance.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD with the San Francisco Minstrels. The programme was varied as follows: Carl Rudolph sang "Who'll Buy My Pretty Flowers?" D. S. Wambold, "Sweet By-and-bye;" and W. H. Hamilton, "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No," in the first part; and in the olio "The Rival Tragedians," by Charley Backus and Billy Birch, and "The Spectres, or the Ring Demons," introducing a shadow pantomime.

JAMES T. FIELDS is to deliver a course of six lectures on subjects connected with modern English literature, in the Twilight Hall on the nights of Dec. 4, 7, 11, 15, 18, 21.

R. M. HOOLEY arrived in town last week.

EDWIN BOOTH is to act this week at the Lyceum Theatre in "The Fool's Revenge," at all of the nightly performances. At the matinee on Thanksgiving he will play Claude Melnotte, and Saturday afternoon he will perform the Stranger. "King Richard II" is to be the next production.

EXTRA MATINEES are to be given at all of our places of public amusement on Thanksgiving.

THE LAST WEEK of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Grand Opera-house will be the present. Miss Letitia Allen is to appear there Dec. 4 in a new play entitled "Crabbed Age," and "The Black Crook" is underlined for early production.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be opened Nov. 27, under the sole management of Henry E. Abbey, with Lotta as the star, acting in "Musette," which will then be performed for the first time in this city. The supporting cast will include J. W. Carroll, P. A. Anderson, Thomas Whiffin, T. E. Morris, Belvil Ryan, W. J. Cogswell, Annie Edmonson, Sara Stevens and Mrs. D. B. Vanderen.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the company this week, with the new people, will include J. N. Stanisl, Howard and Sanford, Harry Blanchard, Harry Mack, Mons. Ventini, Belle Berry, Millie Zulelia, the Harrison Sisters, May Howes, Jessie Howard, Maggie Woods, the Harris Sisters, Lillie Raymond, Lottie La Pont, Nettie Pickert, Marie Connelly, and Fanny Monzert.

ALF BURNETT AND HELEN NASH, the three Leotard Brothers, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Scanlon and Cronin, S. D. Bond, Weaver and Lawton, James McKee and Charles Arizona are the new people this week at the Olympic Theatre.

KING LEAR is to be produced at Booth's Theatre Dec. 4. The cast will include E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, Frederick B. Warde, W. E. Sheridan, E. K. Collier, Harry Langdon, Louis F. Barrett, George W. Wessells, Henry Weaver, W. W. Graham, J. P. Clarke, Willie Seymour, Frank Little, J. Anderson, Andrew Jacques, Frank Roberts, Henry Hogan, the Misses Gertrude Kellogg, Dora Goldthwaite and Beatrice Strafford.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES the fresh arrivals for Nov. 27 are to be Irene Murdock, Jimmy and Dollie Emmerson, Frank and Josie De Forrest, and Hawley and Noon.

BOB HART, the Claire Sisters, John and Lea Peasley, Blanche Correlli, Dick Ralph, James Kennedy, and the O'Brien Brothers are to be added to the company at Tony Pastor's New Theatre this week.

"THE TIDE OF LIFE," a Southern drama, with the Old Dominion Slave Troupe of Jubilee Singers and a number of colored folks in the plantation scenes, is the attraction this week at the Bowery Theatre.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, advertises for four first-class corypheus, also that Frank Oakes Rose, leading juveniles, can be engaged for a few weeks from Dec. 11, through his agency.

J. W. BRUTONE died at his residence, No. 148 West Twenty-fifth street, Nov. 24, after a brief illness. His real name was Barrett, and he was a son of Aaron Barrett, an architect, in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, Eng. In 1852 he went to Sydney, N. S. W., and a short time after his arrival there he made his debut on the dramatic stage, and in the theatre he first met the lady who subsequently became his wife—Miss Court. After playing for some time in all of the principal cities of Australia, they returned to England and there followed their profession until 1867, when they came to America, and were engaged by Jarrett & Palmer for the company in Niblo's Garden. Mr. Brutone was also a member of the company at Booth's Theatre for a time, and then went to the Park Theatre. He will be chiefly remembered at the latter place for a very artistic performance of a Scotch juryman in Oakey Hall's drama of "The Crucible." He occasionally filled minor characters during his career here, and in them he was reliable, and generally gave satisfaction. He left a widow in straitened pecuniary circumstances. The funeral took place from the Swedenborgian Church, in Thirty-fifth street, on Sunday, Nov. 26, in the presence of a few friends and very few profess

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, St. Louis, Mo., has been filled by large audiences since Nov. 20, the attraction being Rose Eytinge in the drama of "Rose Michel." The management has taken pains to place this play on the stage in a proper manner, and John Watson has furnished new scenery, which does him much credit. The scene representing the gallery of the Prison of Little Chatelet, with Paris by moonlight in the background, deserves special mention. Rose Eytinge's intense yet natural impersonation of the heroine of the play is too well known to need comment. The Louise of Lizzie McCall was done in that lady's best style. The Pierre Michel of John W. Norton was an excellent performance, full of force, but never overdone. D. W. Blake played Moulinet in a commendable manner. Elizabeth Andrews as the Countess De Vernay, J. H. Huntley as the Count, R. C. Grierson as the Baron, J. H. Stevens as Andre Bernard, and G. B. Berrell as Master Bernard were fully equal to the requirements of their respective parts. Miss Eytinge remains another week....."The Mighty Dollar" has drawn crowded houses at the Olympic, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence have entertained their friends well. The Hon. Bardwell Slote's telling hits at the present political complications are nightly greeted with uproarious laughter. Charles Plunkett as Charley Brood played the bashful lover to perfection, and the Libbie Ray of Frankie McClellan was full of charming simplicity. Ferd Hight as Col. Tom Dart looked and acted the part correctly. Rolland Vance and Lord Clairgrove were ably represented by Frank Weston and L. R. Warwick, respectively. Clara Dart was sensibly done by Rose Osborn, as was the Blanche Mossthorn of Libbie Noxon. L. F. Rand made an acceptable Arthur Lemaitre. The comedy was presented with several new scenes, painted in Noxon's best style. A marked feature of the entertainment was the playing of a march by the orchestra while the audience are leaving the house. The Florences remain another week, and will be followed by Miss Neilson Dec. 4. Letter date 1 Nov. 23.

OUR BOSTON, Mass., correspondent, under the date of Nov. 26, sends the following items: "Kate Claxton commenced her second engagement this season at the Boston Theatre on Monday last, bringing with her her new play of 'Conscience.' She has not before appeared in Boston in anything but 'The Two Orphans,' and there was in consequence, considerable interest to witness this new impersonation. The result has been rather disappointing, neither play nor star fully equaling expectation. The Two Orphans' will be revived Nov. 27, Madame Ivan C. Michel will play Frocharde in place of Marie Wilkins—otherwise the cast will be the same as that in the earlier part of the season. 'Sardanapalus' will be produced here Monday, Dec. 4....At the Museum the varied programme has been carried out pretty much as announced last week. 'Ruy Blas' Monday, 'Marble Heart' Tuesday and Wednesday, 'Wanted, A Divorce,' and 'Indian Summer' Thursday, 'The Three Guardsmen' Friday night and Saturday afternoon, and in the evening the Amarantha Amateur Dramatic Club in 'The Ticket-of-leave Man.' On Monday next a new play by Edward Greey entitled 'Vendome,' illustrative of French life under the Commune of 1871, will receive its initiative performance.....Soldene and her troupe have occupied the Globe Theatre the past week in the production of 'Madame Angot' on the 18th and repeating it on the 20th and 21st, together with 'Trial by Jury.' 'Madame Angot' and 'Chilperic' have finished out the remainder of the week. They have drawn excellent houses. They remain one week more. On Dec. 4 George Fawcett Rowe will produce his comedy in three acts, E. L. Davenport was in town 25th....Chever Goodwin is away, acting with Sothern.

BYRON'S COMEDY of "Married in Haste" was played for the first time in Washington, D. C., Nov. 20, and during the week, the regular company assuming the parts, it was one of the best pieces ever played here, and was certainly the best acted we have seen for several seasons. Manager Ford has a strong company and a most competent stage-manager this season, and this fact was never better evidenced than in the production of "Married in Haste." The orchestra (though not by any means remarkable), and the scenery and stage-appointments superior in all respects to those previously presented to our public by Manager Ford. Louis L. James as Gibson Green further increased his reputation as a light-comedian. Ellen Cummins as Ethel Grainger showed that she was at home in modern comedy, as in the more serious business of tragedy, in which she is already established as a favorite with the patrons of the National. The personation of Percy Pendragon a brie-a-brac hunter, by George W. Denham, was the masterpiece of the performance. His make-up was remarkable for its completeness of details, and was highly artistic. His acting of this part was one of the best bits of character representation ever witnessed in this city. Mr. Denham is young in the profession. Three seasons ago he made his first appearance in this city as one of the open-house company, and was soon recognized as possessing ability in eccentric parts and broad comedy. Since then he has rapidly risen to be the leading comedian of Manager Ford's several companies. The remainder of the cast was excellently filled by Messrs. Varey, Treville, Burton, Marble, Downing, Stretton, Miss Germon and Miss Jones. During the present week the company will be transferred to Richmond, Va. Mrs. Oates and company appear in comic opera Nov. 27. "The Two Orphans" will be produced Dec. 4, and Chas. Fechter will appear in "Monte Cristo" Dec. 11. Adelaide Cook, R. E. J. Miles' company and the New Orleans Jubilee Singers, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played in Detroit, Mich., during the week ending Nov. 25 to a very light business. Augusta Dargon begins a week's season 27.....John Thompson is to play there Dec. 1, 2.

THE REGULAR stock season at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house opened Nov. 23 under favorable auspices. The new company, the names of which appeared in last week's CLIPPER, were finely received, and the first performance, which consisted of the comedy "Women of the Day," gave satisfaction in every respect. It would hardly be fair to pass judgment on the respective merits of the different members before seeing them in other characters. The scenery was nearly all new, and reflects credit upon the artists. The auditorium has been newly decorated, and presents an exceedingly tasteful appearance. The same bill was given Nov. 25, and at the Saturday matinee, and will be repeated 27, 28, 29. "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" is in preparation.....At the Academy of Music Miss Ida Savory is announced for Thanksgiving-night. Letter of Nov. 26.

CARLSBERG'S ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY occupied the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the first two nights of the past week, presenting "The Flying Dutchman" and "La Traviata." Our correspondent, under date of Nov. 26, says: "The company generally is pretty good, and Eugenie Pappenheim, the prima-donna, is excellent. Attendance light. On Wednesday evening Charles Fechter, assisted by Lizzie Price, opened in 'Hamlet' to a good house, and business for the rest of the week continued highly remunerative. Thursday 'Ruy Blas' was given. Friday 'The Lady of Lyons,' and Saturday 'Don Cæsar de Bazan.' Mr. Fechter, although not scoring a remarkable success as Hamlet, exhibited the qualities of a great actor in the succeeding dramas. His Ruy Blas was one of the finest specimens of melodramatic acting we have ever witnessed, while his Don Cæsar and Claude Melnotte also merit praise. Miss Price is a thoroughly artist, the giving the best impersonation of Ophelia in 'Hamlet' we have seen in a long time. Her interpretations of the other characters assumed by her were of a high order. The support by the stock company was particularly commendable, though Mr. and Mrs. Eberle and Mr. Russell proved notable exceptions, they acquitting themselves well in every instance. G. F. Rowe opens 27 in 'Brass.'

.....'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was presented at Martin Hall 24, 25, drawing large audiences. The company, which is under the management of S. G. Clarke, is tolerably good, and Miss Lottie, the star, who assumes the role of Topsy, is decidedly clever.....Joseph H. Keane and company produce 'Rip Van Winkle' at this hall Nov. 30."

LILLIE ELDRIDGE can be addressed as per advertisement.

E. T. JOHNSON, one of the managers who produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Paterson, N. J., Nov. 11, and, as it was reported by our correspondent, jumped the town, writes us in effect as follows: "Everyone who has not been paid in full can get tickets for New York or Hoboken. All of the people, save five actors, were paid, and the five persons mentioned were paid by my agent the following Sunday in Hoboken."

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was presented at the Music Hall, Portland, Me., Nov. 20, 21 and matinee 22 to fair houses, E. W. Beattie assuming the role of Uncle Tom. Mr. Beattie was the first to assume that part in this city, having played it here some twenty-one years ago. Alfy Chippendale's Topsy is, in some respects, the best ever seen here. Wm. Calder as Marks, C. W. Sutton as George Harris, J. L. Woodson as Haley, H. L. Bascomb as St. Clair and Belle Bailey as Eliza were satisfactory in their respective parts. Lizzie Walton, supported by J. W. Forrest and others of the company who have been performing under the management of Mr. Calder's management, is to present "Hazel's Peril," "Led Astray," and "Pygmalion and Galatea" the coming (this) week....Chapman's Fifth-avenue Company are billed for Dec. 4, 5, 6. Their route is Lowell, Mass., 7, 8, Concord, N. H., 9, Dover 11, Lewiston, Me., 12, Gardiner 13, Bangor 14, 15, Augusta 16, Bath 18, Portsmouth, N. H., 19, Gloucester, Mass., 20 .....The museum will reopen Nov. 30 (Thanksgiving) for three nights, preliminary to the regular opening, Dec. 4. James L. Pendar is to be business-manager. Edwin F. Byron leading man, and stage-manager, Mr. Dunstan juvenile, all English people. J. L. Wooderson and W. J. Hill of the old company have been engaged. These comprise all the engagements reported up to date. Letter of Nov. 25.

MUSICAL.

AT FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., Alice Oates and her company appeared Nov. 20 in "La Fille de Mme. Angot," which was repeated on Thursday, "Princess of Trebizonde" was given Tuesday, "Girofle-Girofla" Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "La Jolie Parfumeuse" Friday, and "Trial by Jury" and "Les Savards" announced for Saturday night. The present company, under the management of Mr. Samuel Colville, has had several strong additions, one of which, Mme. Erne Roseau, deserves especial notice. Apart from her ability as an actress, she is an excellent mezzo-soprano. Although the weather has been threatening the whole week, the house has been crowded nightly. Route: Nov. 27, Washington, D. C., one week, and three weeks from Richmond, Va., to New Orleans. Advices of Nov. 25.

THE HAYDN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION of Baltimore is to give their first concert Dec. 21 in the Academy of Music.

HUNTLEY'S CONCERT COMPANY gave entertainments in Somerset, Mass., Nov. 20, Mattapoisett 26, Russell's Mills 22, Newtown 23, East Greenwich 24 They are to close their season Dec. 9.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB performed in Cleveland, O., Nov. 21, Adrian, Mich., 23, South Bend, Ind., 24, Laporte 25, and are billed in Racine, Wis., 27, Elgin, Ill., 28, Galesburg 30, Galen Dec. 1, Des Moines, Ia., 5, Iowa City 6, Rochelle, Ill., 7, Rockford 8, Dubuque, Ia., 11, Chicago 12, Kalamazoo, Mich., 13, Jackson 15, Ann Arbor 16, Detroit 17, Cambridge 18.

L. T. ADAMS, leader of the Ottawa City (Can.) Cornet Band, advertises for an engagement for a cornet and double-bass and tuba-player.

HENRY C. DOBSON'S patent banjo, method of instruction, and guitars are advertised with prices in our business department. Mr. Dobson teaches all styles of dancing, and prepares pupils for the stage.

"GAYETY OF THE BEAUX," a serio-comic song, can be obtained from Roe Stephens, publisher, as per card.

"POOR, BUT A GENTLEMAN STILL," and "None Others Need Apply" are among the latest issues of music in cheap form published by Harding, who advertises.

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC COMPANY advertise to teach the banjo by mail, through the medium of their cheap publications for that instrument.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY began a week of opera at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 20, and had a very successful season financially. "Norma," "Il Trovatore," "Martha," "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "The Bohemian Girl" were the operas, the last-mentioned in English. The Kellogg Troupe began a season there Dec. 12.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS will give their musical entertainments in Winchendon, Mass., Dec. 4, Marlboro, N. H., 5, Keene 6, Walpole 7, Chester, Vt., 8, Bellows Falls, 9. Mr. Spaulding informs us that business continues to be very remunerative with his company.

MR. SEIBRICHT of New York, who built the Gilmore Garden and the Operti Tropical Garden and Offenbach Garden in Philadelphia, lost heavily by his venture in the last-mentioned establishment, which was opened on the 19th of June last.

THE WORKER'S CENTENNIAL CHORUS of Philadelphia, at a meeting held in that city Nov. 23, decided to retain Theodore Thomas as director during the coming Winter.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY will give the opening concert at the Y. M. C. A.'s New Hall, Chestnut and Fifteenth streets, Philadelphia, on the 30th of Nov.

CHARLES H. JARVIS' classical soirees at Natatorium Hall, Philadelphia, will be commenced on Dec. 2.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB of Philadelphia gave a concert at Musical Fund Hall, in that city, on the 25th of November. Michael H. Cross acted as musical director, and S. B. Mills the pianist assisted.

THE OPERTI TROPICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, together with the fixtures, including statuary, fountain, rustic cottages, etc., was sold at auction on the 24th of November. The frame building was built by Mr. Siebrecht of New York, and altogether cost the projectors — wealthy local politicians — nearly $50,000. The garden was first opened on the 15th of May, Signor Operti's band giving concerts there with but poor success. He was succeeded by other parties with the same results—a slim attendance. On the 29th of September, S. Q. Stokes' circus troupe commenced a season there, which revived the drooping fortunes of this establishment in a measure, and lasted until the 18th of November, when the last performance was given. At the auction sale everything was disposed of at ruinous prices, the large frame building bringing $605—scarcely the cost of the sashing alone.

A. O. advertises for a concertina-player to travel with him.

ITALIAN OPERA by Carlberg's Company is to be given in Detroit, Mich., Nov. 27, 28.

CHAS. H. WHITE, double bass and tuba player, advertises for an engagement.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY are to appear at Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 27, 28, presenting the operas of "Faust" and "Norma."

A B-flat bass singer and a tuba and double bass player are wanted by Wm. B. Smith, who advertises.

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS, a slave troupe, open in Pittsburg, Pa., for six nights, commencing Nov. 27.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE open in the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, for six nights on Dec. 4.

THE BOSTON LYCEUM OPERA COMPANY are to perform "Maritana" and "Rose of Castile" at the Thanksgiving matinee and evening performances at a Troy, N. Y., hall, under the auspices of the Gris vold Opera-house management. The cast includes Mann, Stone and Barry and Messrs. MacDonald, White and Cooper. Leon Kesch, musical director.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA season at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., has proved a success. The receipts for the four entertainments of the past week have averaged $1,000 per performance, a thousand dollars each performance. "Faust" was given Nov. 20. "Star of the North," for the first time in English at Chicago, was put on in grand spectacular style 22, and achieved a pronounced success. Miss Rosewald fairly divided the honors with Miss Kellogg in this opera, while Mr. Conley, though not quite up to his usual mark, by labor, acquitted himself admirably. "The Bohemian Girl" was given 24, and Saturday afternoon "Martha." For next (this) week the programme is "Mignon," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," and "Lucia di Lammermoor."....."The Barnabee Concert Troupe give the third entertainment in the Star Lecture Course at McCormick Hall Nov. 28. Advices of Nov. 25.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE MEMPHI OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., opened Nov. 20 to the largest audience that was ever within its walls. The New York Ideal Statue Troupe appeared, in connection with the regular company of the hall. The former troupe consists of Misses Jennie Reed, Nettie Thompson, Maggie Metsker, Jennie Martin, Sallie Gilchrist, Josie Browne, Grace Davenport, Rosa Doyle, Maggie Louise Daniels, Mollie McCarthy, Annie Ashton, Edwin Browne, Johnny and Tommy Cooper, Harry Lester and Ned Williams, under the management of William Lawrence Allen, with Edwin Browne as stage-manager. The regular company of the opera-house consists of Nellie McCaslin, Viola Wray, La Pauline, Charley McCaslin, Don Davis, Tibbits and Clark, with George Wild acting stage-manager. The first part showed a double-row, there being twenty-two persons on the stage. Ned Williams, Byron Davis and Tommy Cooper were the tambourines, Charley McCaslin, Harry Lester and Johnny Cooper, bones; with George Wild and Edwin Browne, interlocutors. The olio consisted of songs-and-dances by Tibbits and Clark; songs by Grace Davenport, Nellie McCaslin and Viola Wray; song-and-dance by La Pauline; bone solo and jig by Maggie Louise; song-and-dance by Byron Davis; "The Banana Coldore" by Charley McCaslin; the sketch of "My Walking Photograph" by Josephine Browne, Edwin Browne and Johnny Cooper, which was very finely rendered; and the acrobatic quartet Johnny Cooper, Harry Lester, Tommy Cooper and Ned Williams in their specialty of "The Lasselle Family," which was greeted with applause. The whole concluded with the statues, which were fine. The Police Commissioners had issued an order to the Chief of Police to inform the managers that the statues would not be permitted to be presented; but, on application of the management, Judge Logwood of the Criminal Court issued an injunction restraining the police authorities from interfering "so long as the bounds of decency were not overstepped;" and so the whole programme, as originally intended, was gone through with, and no murmur of complaint has since been heard. Full houses have been in attendance since the opening night. The Living Statue Troupe close Nov. 25, going to New Orleans, and open at the St. Charles Theatre, there, 27. The Morley Sisters, four in number, are billed to appear here 27.....The Washington-street Varieties have been doing a moderate business. Teddy O'Brien (late of Cole's Circus) does a very neat jig and clog. May Meacham in the sketches is very clever.....Maggie Louise, bone-soloist and jig-dancer, while in Memphis, Tenn., received tidings of the death of her mother, Mrs. Emma Richardson, which occurred in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 5.....Eugene Gorman and wife (Susie Starr) passed through Memphis on Nov. 22 from Little Rock, Ark., to New Orleans, having been called there by the severe illness of Mr. Gorman's mother. Letter of Nov. 23.

ALLMAN BURNETT advertises for a young man with some musical especialty, one capable of learning his business.

VARIETY PERFORMERS desiring engagements at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., are requested to address as per advertisement.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICA and Italy's Hibernian Minstrels are billed in Boonville, Mo., Nov. 27, 28, Warrensburg 29, 30, Sedalia Dec. 2, 3, Kansas City 5, 6.

MULLEN AND MAGEE, Irish sketch artists, are strongly recommended by Manager Wild of the Barton Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y. Their address is care of this office.

STO. BOSCO performed in Waverly, N. Y., Nov. 24, 25, 27. He opens in Athens 28 for three nights.

CARRIE WOODS, vocalist and character change-artist, publishes several extracts from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) press, in which her ability as a performer is highly spoken of.

THE WRETLAND SPECIALTY TROUPE were to have commenced a traveling tour in Rocklin, Col., Nov. 15. The company includes Johnny Wretland, Eddie Wretland Fontenesa, Walter Davenport, Frank Keller, Charles Fontenesa, O'Donohue, Mlle. Carrie, Cassie Leland, Mlle. Leona, and La Petite Blanche.

LADY PERFORMERS are wanted at Gilmore's Garden Theatre, Rochester, N. Y. See advertisement.

JEFFE AND FANNIE DELANO, bellringers, vocalists and sketch artists, can be addressed care of this office. Their first open date is Dec. 15, 1877, and managers are referred to complimentary press notices published in another column.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS, specialty and other artists are advertised for by the management of the Adelphi, Fort Wayne, Ind.

PAT REILLY, Irish comedian, has met with such success at Welch's Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., that he has been engaged for the remainder of the season.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS are wanted at Parker's Theatre Comique, Reading, Pa. The house opened for the Winter season Nov. 23 under the management of J. A. Parker, with Harry Fielding, stage-manager. See card.

ACTS, SKETCHES, DRAMAS, etc., are written to order by I. Davesu, who advertises.

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CORRECTION.—Our Brooklyn, L. I., correspondent, in our past issue, stated in effect that Sam Devere, who plays the manager at the Park Theatre, Lansing in the drama of "Just in Time," claimed to have been the author thereof, and that such claim had been angrily disputed by J. J. McClosky, and that the probable upshot of the matter would be an injunction. Sam Devere called at The CLIPPER office on Thursday, and stated that our correspondent was in error; that only the most friendly feelings existed between Mr. McClosky and himself; and that there was no danger of any injunction being issued in the matter. Mr. McClosky called later and confirmed the statement made by Mr. Devere.

AT CHESTER, Pa., Andy McKee, Mlle. Mitchell still keeps up handsomely. On Nov. 20 Sadie Rogers gave a skipping-rope dance with fine effect. Signor Cappolo introduced a contortion act, which pleased, and he was seen later in a trapeze with Miss Ozoda. Quite an unusual feat was performed on the 24th, when Mlle. Mitchell appeared in three different countries on the same night, appearing at a benefit in Windsor, Ont., and also in Detroit. Closing 25 are Jas. Carr and Agnes Sutherland, for Buffalo; Sam Roberts and Sadie Rogers, for Toledo. Coming 27 are Kate Montague, Fannie Rogers and Jennie Bartley.....Mozart Hall is doing a fair business, the attractions 20 being Annie Clarke, a good serio-comic, with dashing style and fine wardrobe, and Lulu Francis .....There was a very large house at the Theatre Comique 20, although no new attractions were presented, the company excepting another new drama by Manager Thompson. A reported change at this house is that Mr. Welch has leased it to Mr. Warren Bordwell. Whether it be a bona-fide transaction we cannot say. Closing 25 are Edna Markley, for Chicago; Marie Hill Family, for Cincinnati, O. Coming 27 are to be filled on the 27th by the Boisset Family, Josephine Shandley, Lotta Beaumont, and Bell and Barker. Advices of Nov. 25.

THE BABY BINDLEY TROUPE, under the management of W. W. Putnam of the Theatre Comique, gave a four performances' engagement at the Bijou, Richmond, Va., commencing Nov. 22. Baby Bindley is a versatile little prodigy, and deservedly a favorite in this city. Business entirely satisfactory. Prof. and Baby Bindley will not travel, as announced, but will open at the Theatre Comique the week of Dec. 4.....At the Adelphi, George and Nellie Petite Derious appeared 20, and prove to be good cards. La Petite Derious in her vocalism and slack-wire performance is especially good. Kate Allyne, who reappeared, was enthusiastically received. The Continental Four and Charley Morris are also deserving of mention. Harry and Annie Moore closed 25th. The Hamilton Sisters are underlined for 27. Business good.. Advices of Nov. 26.

A GOOD AVERAGE BUSINESS was done the past week at the Adelphi, Hartford, Ct., the new people Nov. 20 being the Snow Brothers, agile and graceful gymnasts; Belle Celeste and Frank Monroe, meritorious aerial artists; Western and Walling in sketches; Nora Campbell, vocalist; and E. D. Gooding, general performer, who assumes the management of the stage. Nov. 25 the Snow Brothers go to Baltimore, Lizzie Mulvey to Providence, and Nora Campbell to New York. The announcements for 27 are the St. Felix Family, Clarke, Collins and Hines, George Carlisle and son Harry, and H. Parker and troupe of dogs. The company will appear at Roberts' Opera-house Thanksgiving-night.....E. S. Washburn's Last Sensation Troupe will occupy Roberts' Opera-house Dec. 1.

THE INSECT-RATE ENTERTAINMENT given by Manager Hopkins to the patrons of the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., continues to draw largely. The new people 20 were Carrie Boshell, a pleasing vocalist; the Sanyeahs, who gave an interesting performance on rolling orbs; and Dan Luke, a good Ethiopian delineator. Harry Edwards and the Sanyeahs, to New York; John Reilly, to Hartford; and Carrie Boshell, who joins the Sheridan and Mack Company. For this week the following are announced: Richmond Sisters, Lizzie Mulvey, Erwin Thomas, George S. Carlin, Cherrie Chapman, Wallace Bros., Mabel Clari, Mamie Mcintyre, and Bell Bradley.....Manager Archie Stalker is to open the Academy of Music Dec. 4, with the following company: Stage-manager, Sid Smith; leader of orchestra, Prof. Ole Allerup; the Austins, rifle-shooters; Prof. Parker and dogs, Barlow Brothers, Billy Gray, Carrie and McCarthy, Andy McKee, Allen Bennett, Maggie Gray, and the Warren Sisters. Advices of Nov. 26.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the only fresh arrivals were the Zanfretta Troupe, who opened to a crowded house on Nov. 20. Alex. Zanfretta, the principal of the company, in his performance on the slack wire received quite an ovation, and as the Clown in the pantomime of "Popsey Wopsey," which followed, he kept the audience in roars of laughter. The Poole Bros. are still an important feature at this house. Departures: Andy Morton, to manage Chicago Opera-house; Ryan, to Austin; Eurardo, to Dallas. Annie Hindle, Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan are underlined for 27....At the Adelphi there have been no fresh arrivals. Harry Leslie has been giving exhibitions each evening on a tight-rope stretched across the street opposite the theatre, which have highly pleased and benefited their appreciation by frequent applause. Attendance good. The Arnold Family open on the 23d. Abbie Farnsworth leaves for New Orleans. Letter of Nov. 22.

AT THEATRE DES VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., last week, Shelton and Slavin made a hit in their plantation sketch, and Geo. W. Hunter in an Irish specialty, and afterwards in motto-songs, was the recipient of much applause. Tim Rogers won favor in his Irish songs and sayings. The Clark Brothers and Tommy Granger also became favorites. Lotta Brown was successful in serio-comic songs. Messrs. Williams, Benn and Herman, and the Misses Lucy Clifton, Fanny Anderson and Millie Herman appeared in the afterpiece of "Life in the South," being "The Octoroon" rechristened. Business good. Departures: Clark Brothers, to Cleveland; Tim Rogers and Tommy Granger, Philadelphia; Walter Bean, Fanny Anderson and Lottie Brown, unknown. Arrivals announced for 27 are McVicker and Sanders, Clara Stanley, the Miaco Family—seven in number—and Bryant and Williams.

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877, which we are now compiling, will contain all the special features of its predecessors, with a very readable collection of sketches, poems and short stories, profusely illustrated.

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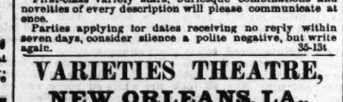

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